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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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THE NEW PRESIDENT OUGHT TO FEEL COMplimented by the tone of the public since he took office. Everywhere is confidence, and both business and government affairs proceed with as little disturbance as if there had been no change in the master of the White House. Mr. Roosevelt has done a great deal to give firm foundation to this feeling, by proceeding to carry out Mr. McKinley's plans in the matter of appointments. Colonel Bell, whose merit the new President learned in the Cuban campaign, was promised promotion to brigadier-general by Mr. McKinley, and Mr. Roosevelt promptly appointed him after returning to Washington from Canton. It is announced also that he will appoint the Comptroller of the Currency who was designated by the late President, Mr. Ridgely, an Illinois man, a member of an old banking family, secretary of the Republic Steel Company, and son-in-law of Senator Cullom.

MR. ROOSEVELT HAS ALSO QUIETED CONjecture for the moment by announcing that Mr. McKinley's Cabinet will remain with the new Administration. This may or may not mean that they will continue in office to the end of his term. In all likelihood there will be changes. It is said that Mr. Long, who—so rapidly spins the whirligig of politics—was Mr. Roosevelt's superior officer four years ago, is anxious to retire. Rumors persist that Mr. Root will be promoted Secretary of State and General Leonard Wood will come back from Cuba to take command of the War Department. The basis of these rumors is obvious enough. They may be true. It would be only natural if a man of strong opinions, like the President, should wish eventually to surround himself with persons who think as he does on public affairs. But there is no verification of the reports from the White House and really no ground for believing them except the one we have noted and the fact that General Wood has been visiting his old comrade in arms.

APPARENTLY THE PUBLIC LIKES TO SEE the almost ostentatious indifference with which Mr. Roosevelt regards the danger of assassination. He goes about Washington unattended except by agents of the secret service whom the department sends after him on its own responsibility. This is eminently characteristic of him, and it is so picturesque to see him flinging back the challenge of anarchists and madmen, that it is hard to quarrel with his bearing. But something else is to be considered beside the natural distaste of any American to going about among his fellow countrymen with a guard over his person. We may presume that the short shrift allowed to Czolgosz and the general detestation of his crime have scotched anarchy for a while. But the crank is still abroad. A well-known alienist once said there probably were thousands of men walking the streets of New York unmolested who ought to be locked up in insane asylums. Any one of these poor creatures tormented by the delusion of persecution, or inflamed by egomania, is liable to a fit of homicidal passion. No legislature could save Garfield from the pistol of the madman Guiteau, or the late Mayor Harrison from the fury of the crazy newsboy Prendergast, who was possessed with the delusion that Mr. Harrison had promised him the position of corporation counsel.

THERE IS NO NEED FOR MR. ROOSEVELT TO give fresh proof of his courage. No one would suspect him of unmanly fear if he took precautions that instantly suggest themselves to thoughtful men, and especially if he abolished the public levee. That function has outlived the days of its usefulness and is now a torture to the unhappy official when it is not the source of danger to his life. Besides, as a well-informed writer points out, it is essentially not a democratic ceremony at all, but a monarchical custom introduced in this country at a time when the pomp of old world pageants had not lost their glamour to republicans like Hamilton and John Adams. Public demonstrations by anarchists' clubs may be prevented, but creatures of the class to which Czolgosz belongs are always lurking somewhere, awaiting the opportunity for a short-lived appearance in a great tragedy. Of course, the greatest amount of precaution might be useless against them. The imperial guard could not protect the grandfather of the present Czar from the dynamite bomb of the Nihilists. To a large extent, as the Prince of Wales said after the attempt on his life in Belgium, rulers "in these matters are in the hands of God." But it is sad to think that the use of very ordinary protective measures would have saved the lives of all the recent victims of assassination—Garfield, McKinley, the King of Italy, the Empress of Austria and President Carnot. So on the whole, it would seem advisable to take reasonable measures to guard the most valuable life in America, or at least to prevent its exposure to needless risk.

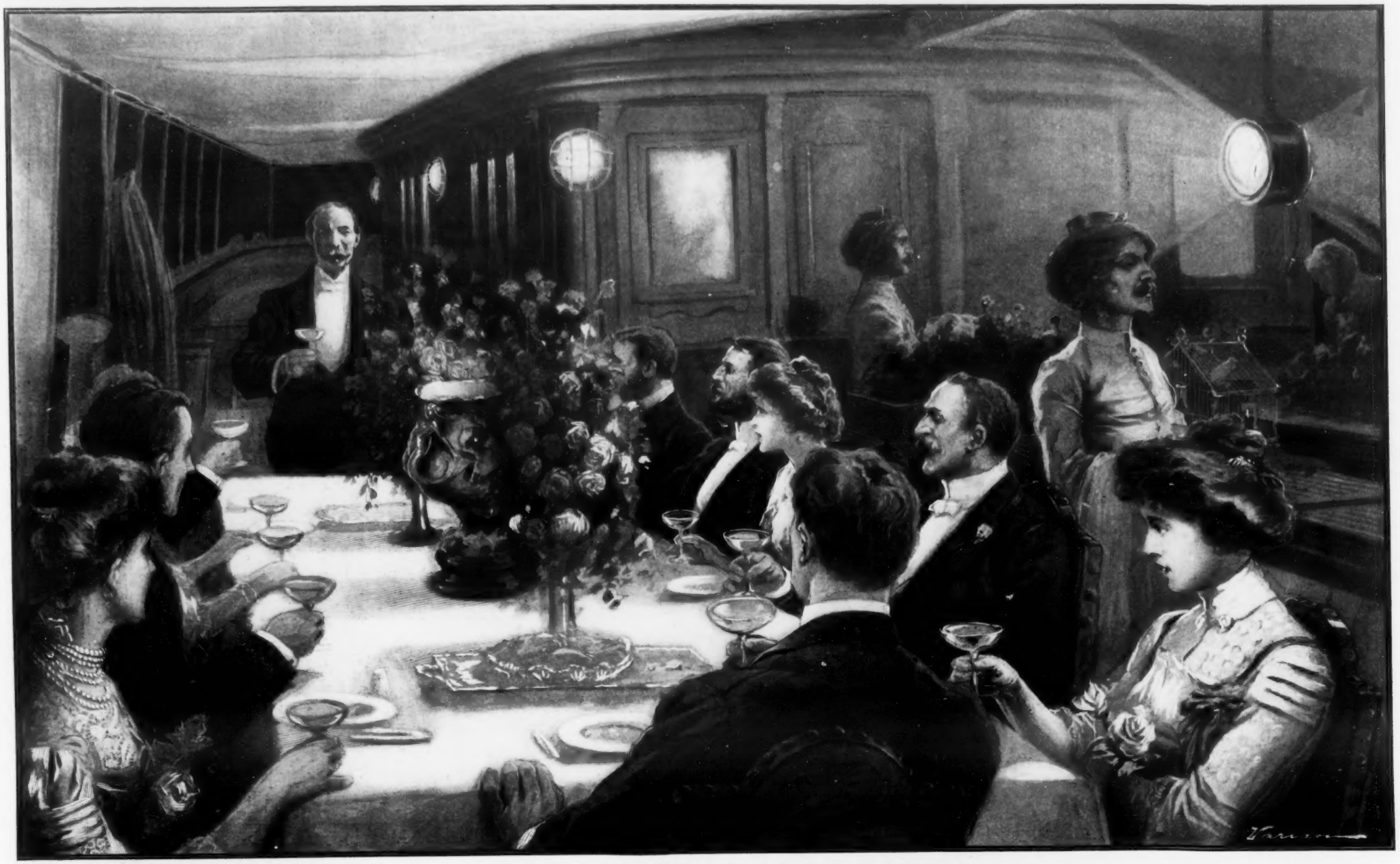
THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS COMMENDING THE course of the Buffalo authorities in the Czolgosz case. The great danger was that the murderer should be permitted to gratify his insane vanity by speeches and interviews, and thus hatefully stir other minds like his own. But he was kept in close confinement and beyond the reach of newspaper reporters and hysterical persons, and he has been tried with all the despatch consistent with justice. Considering the magnitude of his crime, he has hardly had the share of notoriety that he must have expected, and his friends, if he has any, have been cheated out of the spectacular effects with which, unfortunately, the murderers of the great are too often surrounded. Nothing could be more terrible to him or them than the cold formality of the indictment, the icy progress of the trial. He was even armed with eminent legal counsel, in order that no scandal of irregularity might disfigure the proceedings. In short, the law treated him as the prince of Bohemia treated the president of the suicide club in Stevenson's tale, giving him all the conventional privileges of the field. But he must have read death in its eye the moment he was led into court, and to do him justice, he seemed to recognize his fate, and receive it with a mean sort of indifference. Who of our distinguished preachers and public men who outraged common sense, in the first paroxysms of their wrath, will deny that this steady inexorable enforcement of the law of the land is not better, as a public example, than the lynching they favored so strongly at first? The people and the authorities of Buffalo, deserve every word of applause they have had for their level-headed conduct in a most trying position. We take it that they are better representatives of the people of this country than any of the frenzied gentlemen who leaped into the newspapers, on the night of September 6.

A GRANT OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS A year for Mrs. McKinley is proposed and will undoubtedly meet with the sanction of Congress. A New York newspaper reports that this will bring her income up to thirteen thousand dollars a year, and we are sure the American people will be glad to know it is so much. But, after all, it is not a great or even a considerable income in these days of rapid millions. The President died a comparatively poor man. It is said he saved about fifty thousand dollars in office. He left life insurance to the amount of fifty thousand dollars more. He lived in close association with very rich men at a period when fortunes are piled up quickly. It is no exaggeration to say that his policy was a great part of the foundation upon which the wealth that flaunts itself in Fifth Avenue or at Newport was amassed. His position gave him opportunities for making a great deal of money without doing anything that would offend even persons of rigid notions of propriety. But it does not appear that he ever considered the possibility. This man, who was hailed everywhere as the promoter of prosperity and who seemed to delight in the accumulation of wealth as a tangible proof of the nation's well-being, was content to secure only such provision for his own old age as could be made by "putting by" from a not too opulent salary. He may be blamed for "lack of prudence" by persons who regard accumulation of money as the chief end of human existence, but most of his countrymen will be glad to see the record read, that in the greatest "boom" period the country has ever known, when money, and nothing but money, was the subject of song and story, the President lived and died—like themselves—poor.

IN THE GLOOMY NEWS OF THE LAST TWO weeks, the reports of Lieutenant Peary's remarkable Arctic work missed the attention of the public. The explorer has not yet achieved the Pole, but he has "made" the very highest latitude on land and the highest latitude on sea for the Western Hemisphere. This is the picturesque part of his performance. But Lieutenant Peary is not merely a seeker for the Pole or the furthest north. He is a real explorer and geographer, and the results of his labor will remain even if he should fail in the dash for the Pole. He has succeeded in determining the coast of Greenland and, as a writer in the Brooklyn *Standard-Union*, who only recently left him, says, eliminated that country as a factor of doubt in future Arctic work. He is reported to be in good health and ready at the break of the Arctic day to begin his journey over the uncharted ice toward the Pole. He is now sixteen hundred miles from that goal, but the *Standard-Union* writer says eleven hundred miles of that distance is over comparatively easy ground. The remaining five hundred miles northward lie over the sea, "which may be frozen or open." Peary has approached his Arctic work in a practical spirit and his dogged determination, his great experience and the thorough equipment of his expedition augur well for his success.

THE NEW YORK MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN HAS opened with the return of Mr. Croker, from his home in Wantage, Berks, England, and the nomination for Mayor of Mr. Seth Low by the allied forces of Independents and Republicans. As nearly every one knows, Mr. Low, who is President of Columbia College, was once before a candidate for Mayor of the big city, but only as the independent candidate. The Republicans, under Mr. Platt's direction, put up their own man with the not unexpected result that Tammany won. The position of the Republican leader has so changed in four years that now he is accused of wire-pulling to get the nomination for Mr. Low instead of an independent Democrat. Mr. Low in national politics is a Republican. He is a very solid man, almost too solid to win the affections of the frivolous voting majority of New York; but disgust with the brutality of the Tammany representatives has become so general that he may overcome even the prevailing prejudice against sincerity of purpose and gravity of demeanor. Mr. Croker, meanwhile, solemnly prepares for the battle and shows, in some degree, his old taciturn confidence in victory. But he may be mistaken. Berks is a lovely shire, but it is hardly the place to feel the pulse of New York, especially when fever is in the blood. The presence of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in the White House is a living reminder to Mr. Croker that he was once as far wrong in a forecast as the Weather Bureau.

SOMETIME AGO A REFERENCE WAS MADE ON this page to the halting of the National banking law in the case of a plundered New York bank. An apology is due that excellent statute, for an indictment has been found against the president and paying teller of the bank, and one of the customers who assisted in the looting. Unfortunately, it happens that the least guilty in the transaction are put in the pillory. The men behind the job, and officials of the larger bank whose check-kiting kept the game going, escape the penalties which will be plied on a salaried official and unfortunate clerk. But this is one of the chances of criminal law. The tool more often suffers than the principal.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

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THE FIRST SPIN FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES H. HARE

"WHEN THE YACHTS WERE JOCKEYING FOR A START"

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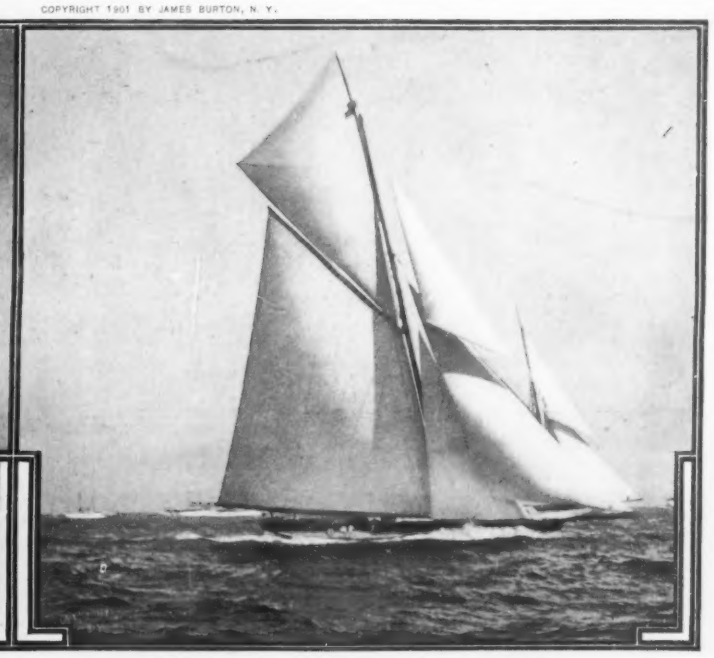


THE START—*COLUMBIA* TO WINDWARD

SIR THOMAS AT HOME ON *ERIN*

I EXPECT it appeals more strikingly to strangers than to you, that statue at the entrance—the water-lawn of your city—the Statue of Liberty holding aloft that torch at the gateway of the "City of Unrest." Very grand it looked on Sunday evening from the deck of *Erin*, silhouetted against a dum-red sky of opulent autumnal color.

We had been sitting around the deck, enjoying a delightful evening—even the energetic Sir Thomas was reclining in an armchair and giving his injured knee a few moments' rest—when music was heard over the water and a launch came along and steamed slowly around *Erin*, playing Irish melodies in honor of the owner.

"Ask them on board," said Sir Thomas. "It must be thirsty work, cornet playing."

Then, after they had been shown around the ship and had partaken of refreshments, they came to the upper deck and played again, and jolly well they played too.

"Play me the President's hymn," said Sir Thomas; and heads were quietly uncovered by the men standing around as the strains of that beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," rose over the quiet water. Then, with a hearty handshake from Sir Thomas, the performers departed.

This little touch is quite characteristic of the man. He likes to have his prosperity radiate from him, so it is not surprising that among his possessions, the possession he values most is being rich in friends. Tokens from these friends abound on board *Shamrock II.* Mascots of all sorts and descriptions daily arrive from two continents.

THE RACERS AND THE FIRST RACE

It was very interesting to us, visitors, on Tuesday, September 24, to have the opportunity, while the boats were being measured, of comparing the two as they laid together in Erie Basin. The position, as far as design is concerned, is reversed since the previous contest. Then, Lord Charles Beresford compared the Irish boat to a bulldog and *Columbia* to a greyhound. But now, *Shamrock II.* looks more the greyhound than the defender. Her lines are much finer than anything that has been produced before in England.

The morning of the yacht race opened gloriously. It was no wonder that thousands were attracted and that a fleet of steamers such as is not seen in any other part of the world started to see the race. Its international character is, of course, its chief interest.

It is more as a trial of skill and brains that the race like that of September 26 appeals to the yachtsman. It is a Titanic contest. All that the best brains of designer can do in either continent is concentrated in the hull of each representative craft. The best sails, the best crews, and all the concentrated skill of seamanship is focused in each competing craft, and the whole combination in each finally under the command of one mind, that of the man who holds the tiller or the wheel, and the breathless attention of the yachting world, from the time when the yachts were jockeying for a start to the home run, victorious or defeated.

A PHANTOM YACHT

The race will be remembered for its most exciting start and two incidents during it of flukes of wind which were almost dramatic. It was with astonishment to all the spectators and a feeling of dismay among those on board *Erin* when, with *Shamrock II.* practically standing still, *Columbia*, looking well up in the wind, suddenly commenced to move right ahead of her opponent with a breeze which did not touch the other. The *Shamrock II.* people felt very depressed after that for a while, but their turn was yet to come. The two boats were again close together on the starboard tack, just barely moving in the lightest possible breeze, when Captain Barr put his helm down and put *Columbia* about. He has been blamed for going about here, because the movement did not result in success. But it was the purest of flukes that it was not successful. About thirty seconds afterward, Sycamore put down his helm; slowly, very slowly, *Shamrock II.* looked up in the wind.

The great sheets of canvas flapped lazily. Every one on *Erin* held his breath. She was in irons—she refused to go around. Then from the southward the gentlest possible breeze smote her sails, and, instead of persisting in trying to put his boat around, Sycamore let her take it as it came and kept on the starboard tack. In an instant the whole aspect of the race was changed. This breeze increased, and *Shamrock II.*, leaning over to it, slipped away rapidly.

Meanwhile *Columbia* was in a bad plight; Barr had to bear away, with the alteration and direction of this wind, such as it was, but *Columbia* really hardly felt it. The sails were flapping idly, and he had hardly steerageway on his boat. Every second now was of value, and great was the delight of *Shamrock II.* sympathizers as they eagerly watched the gap widening between the two boats. *Shamrock II.* was quite a quarter of a mile ahead before *Columbia* got the wind.

Columbia was steadily doing better all the time, and fairly and squarely passed her opponent to windward a considerable distance before reaching the mark-boat, which she passed over seven minutes ahead of her, cheered to the echo from the excursion steamers, packed with humanity, following the racers.

"NO RACE"

It was now merely a race for a race, but it would have taken almost half a gale to have finished it within the time, and there was no sign of the wind increasing and so the race was called off.

For those who are fond of yachting and of *finesse* of seamanship it was not without interest. They saw a pretty bout of aquatic fencing at the start and had the excitement of varying flukes of wind.

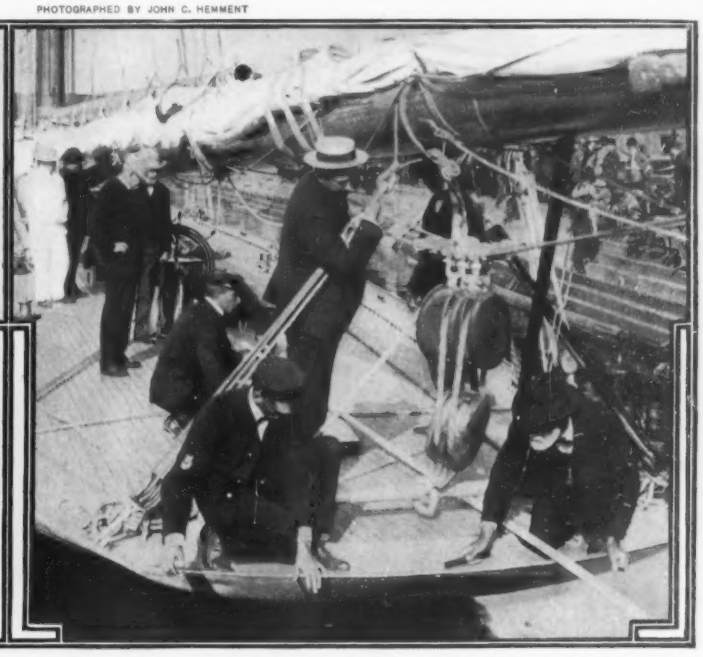
Every visitor was struck with the magnificent manner in which that huge fleet of excursion steamers was handled during the day. While affording the people on board them a good view of the race, there was not one that for an instant interfered in the smallest degree with either of the yachts.

GEORGE LYNCH.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES BURTON

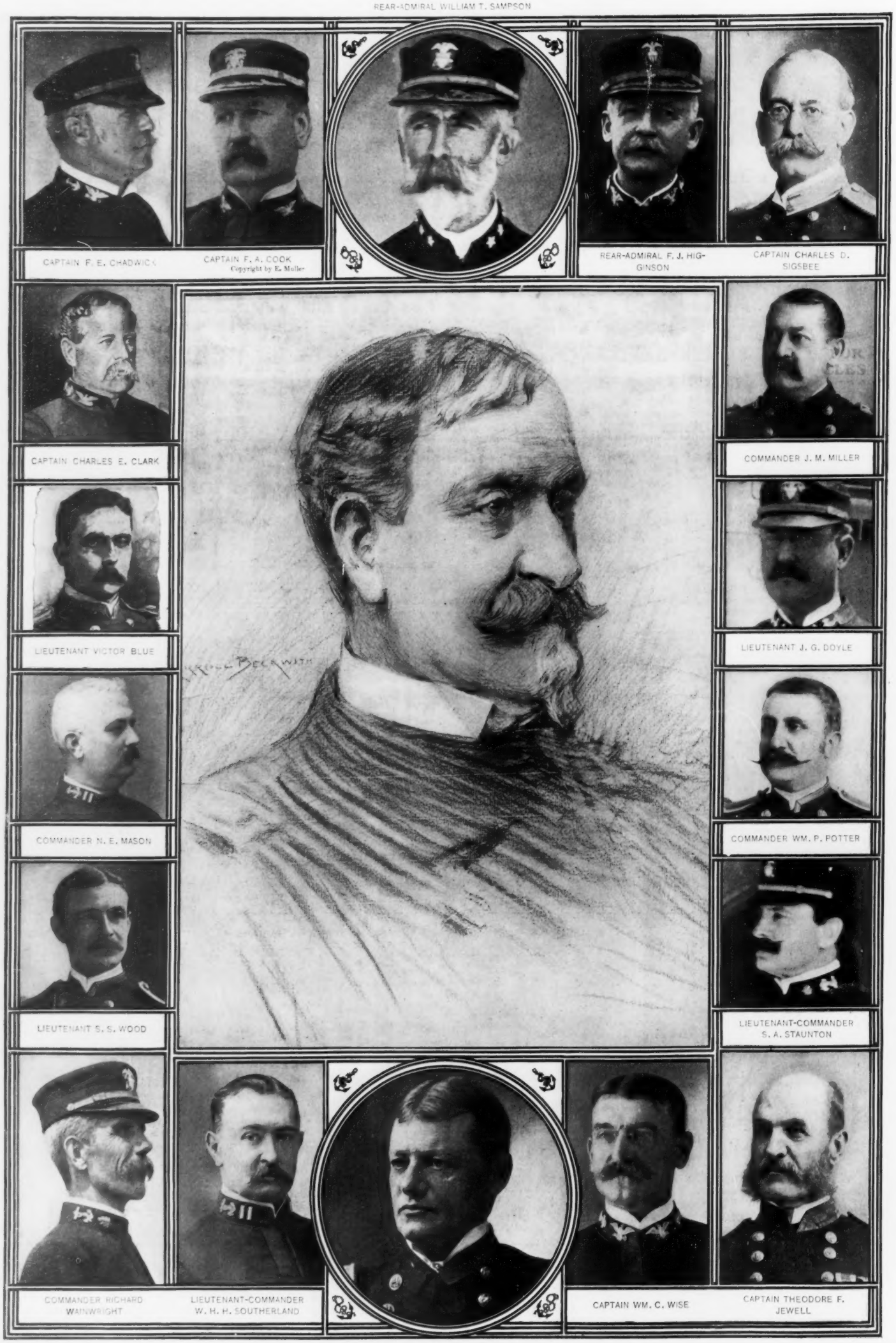
"STEAMERS, PACKED WITH HUMANITY, FOLLOWING THE RACERS"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN C. HEMMENT



"WHILE THE BOATS WERE BEING MEASURED IN ERIE BASIN"

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON



REAR-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS

REAR-ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY AND THE PRINCIPAL WITNESSES BEFORE THE COURT OF INQUIRY

THE SCHLEY COURT OF INQUIRY

By WALTER WELLMAN, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

IT IS NO LONGER DENIED by the friends of Admiral Winfield Scott Schley that the case against him, as presented before the Court of Inquiry at Washington, is a serious one. The prosecution has so far developed its line of attack that at this writing the chances against Admiral Schley may be summarized as follows, in their chronological order:

1. That for thirty hours after his arrival at Cienfuegos he made no effort to ascertain if the Spanish squadron was in that port.

2. That when he finally left Cienfuegos, under orders to proceed to Santiago "with all despatch," and to blockade that port, he moved too slowly.

3. That instead of proceeding directly to institute the Santiago blockade he reached a point about twenty-two miles south of Santiago—too far for blockade purposes or gaining information.

4. That instead of moving thence to Santiago, and making efforts to ascertain definitely if the Spanish squadron was there, he almost immediately signalled his squadron to start for Key West, and did actually steam three hours to the westward.

5. That the next day (May 27) he received the Department's order to remain at Santiago, acknowledged receipt of this order, and replied that, on account of shortage of coal, bad weather, difficulty in coaling, etc., he "regretted inability to obey Department's instructions," and that day steamed twenty-five miles still further westward.

6. That when he finally turned toward and arrived off Santiago (evening of May 28) he failed to establish an efficient blockade of the port.

7. That the *Cristobal Colon* was seen just within the entrance to Santiago on the morning of the 29th, and that it was not till the afternoon of the 31st that an attack upon her was ordered; and that the attack was so weak that the enemy's ship was not even damaged when she might have been destroyed.

8. That the "loop" of the *Brooklyn*, Admiral Schley's flagship, during the engagement of July 3, was a false movement, delaying and even endangering the *Texas*.

As to the first count, it is not regarded as serious. Several witnesses have testified that Admiral Schley did not go close in at Cienfuegos; that he made no effort to ascertain if Cervera was there; and that it was not until Captain McCalla of the *Marblehead* arrived and asked permission to go ashore that the truth was learned.

As to the second count, Commander Schroeder, Captain Harber and others have testified that the speed of the squadron between Cienfuegos and Santiago was much less than it might have been; that the weather was fairly smooth for big ships; that the smaller and unimportant vessels might well have been left behind while the fighting craft pressed on. The defence is that Admiral Schley's orders were to approach Santiago "cautiously," and that, in view of the uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the enemy, it would not have been prudent to leave the small ships and the collier behind.

As to the third count, little was developed beyond testimony to the effect that the Flying Squadron did first stop twenty to twenty-five miles south of Santiago. But the importance of this merges into the fourth and fifth counts—the retrograde movement toward Key West and the categorical refusal to obey the Department's orders. This is regarded by every one as the most serious charge against Admiral Schley, the most difficult for him to explain.

It is not denied that the retrograde movement was made and that the signal "Destination Key West" was hoisted. Nor is it denied that Admiral (then Commodore) Schley wrote the Department his famous despatch, "Regret cannot obey orders." The defence is that the coal supply was short, that it was difficult, dangerous, almost impossible to coal in the open sea, and that these conditions, with the state of the weather then prevailing, left the commander no prudent recourse but to return to his base for coal. This question of the coal supply, and of the practicability of coaling from the collier without returning to Key West, is the turning-point in the whole case so far as the retrograde movement is concerned. That there was coal enough at hand (more than four thousand tons), in the collier, is not denied. If it was practicable to transfer it to the fighting ships, then there was no need of going all the way to Key West for that purpose, requiring a week's steaming going and coming.

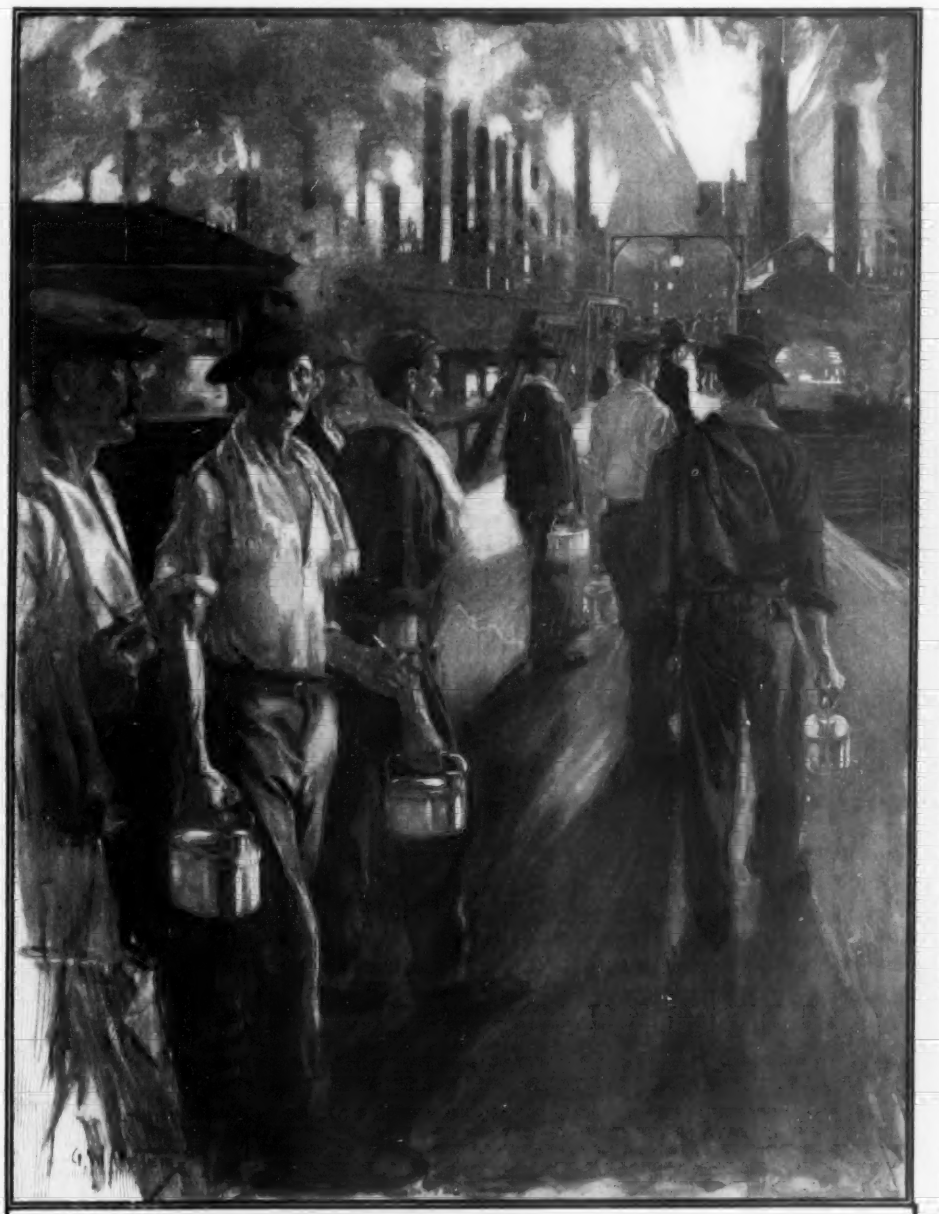
On this point some testimony has been taken and much more is to come. The evidence so far adduced is unfavorable to Admiral Schley. For instance, Captain Harber, executive officer of the *Texas*, testified that his ship might have been coaled off Santiago the very day the Commodore started for Key West. Captain Higginson of the *Massachusetts* testified that his ship could have remained ten or twelve days on blockade duty with the coal then in her bunkers. True, she could not have gone on a voyage, but meanwhile she might have been recoaled. Commander Schroeder (then executive officer of the *Massachusetts*, now governor of Guam, whence he came purposely to testify in this case) told the Court that on May 26 (the day Schley started for Key West) the *Massachusetts* had eight hundred and forty-two tons of coal—"enough to stay sixteen or seventeen days on blockade and still go to Key West." There has been similar testimony as to other ships, and the evidence so far adduced appears to show that the entire squadron might have gone on blockade for from one to three weeks with the coal then on hand. Besides, the government had suggested to Commodore Schley that he try to coal ship at Guantanomo or other places nearer to Santiago, and had promised to send more colliers.

Admiral Schley's explanation is that at this time he had no positive knowledge of the whereabouts of the Spanish ships; that by keeping to the westward of Santiago he was in tactical position to intercept them in case they attempted to enter Cienfuegos or reach Havana, as Admiral Sampson was guarding the eastern passage; that he had certain discretionary rights, and was responsible for his squadron, which would have been in a sorry plight if caught short of coal when it met the enemy; and, finally, that as soon as the weather moderated he did coal in the open sea, did go to Santiago and did establish the blockade. It is the contention of Admiral Schley that at the moment he wrote his "Sorry cannot obey orders" despatch the conditions justified him, and that when the conditions changed for the better he immediately obeyed orders.

As to the sixth count the evidence has so far been in Admiral Schley's favor. The charge made by Sampson that Schley kept his ships twenty-five miles out to sea at night does not stand. All the witnesses testify that the blockade line was from four to eight miles from Santiago Harbor entrance, quite similar to the blockade afterward established by Sampson himself.

As to the seventh count, Captain Harber, Commander Schroeder and others have testified that the bombardment of the *Colon* was at a range of about eight thousand yards; that it continued only a few minutes; that if the American ships had been taken into closer range and the firing had been kept up longer, the *Colon* might have been sunk where she lay; and, finally, that there were no obstacles in the way, as the shore batteries did not amount to anything. Some questions asked by the Court itself, such as "Were the shore batteries heavy enough to inflict serious damage upon our ships?" and "Were any further efforts made by the Flying Squadron to destroy the *Colon*?" (both being answered "No" by Commander Schroeder), indicated that possibly in the opinion of the Court the futile attack upon the fastest and most formidable of the enemy's ships when apparently she lay at the mercy of our guns forms a serious part of the indictment against Admiral Schley. The defence is that Commodore Schley's orders forbade him to risk his ships against shore batteries, and that for this reason he did not wish to go in closer.

The most sensational evidence brought out up to this writing pertains to the eighth count—the famous "loop" of the *Brooklyn*. Commander

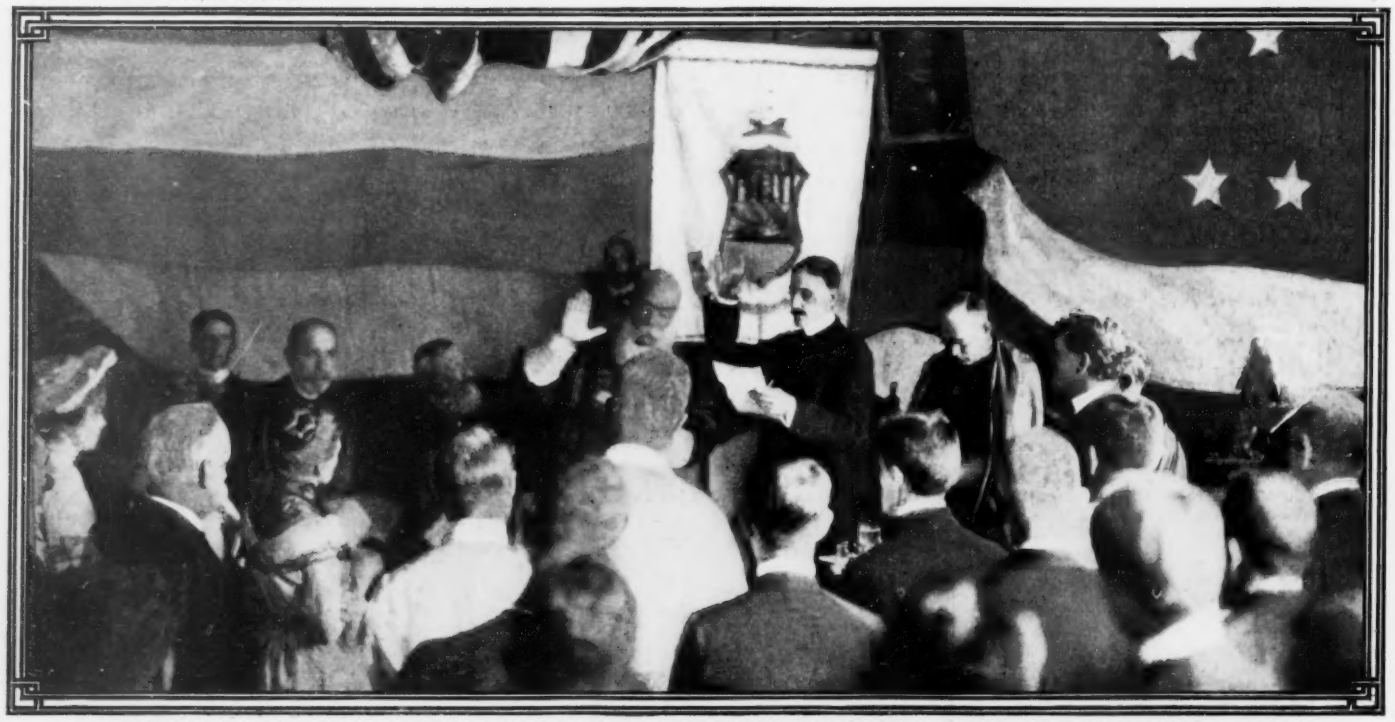


DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE GREAT STEEL STRIKE.—After a struggle of two and a half months, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers and the United States Steel Company have at last signed a treaty of peace. Thus ends the great steel strike—the greatest in industrial history, so far as numbers are concerned, and the most significant in its final outcome. It began on June 30. The settlement was reached September 14, and on September 23 every striker, save a few tin workers, returned to work. The loss to general business occasioned by the idleness of more than a hundred thousand men and the shutting down of so many mills piled up at the rate of millions of dollars each month. The curtailment of finished material due to the strike amounts to 250,000 tons, and all the plants of the steel corporation, as well as all the independent plants, will have to work night and day for months in order to catch up. The great industrial war was caused by the refusal of the steel corporations to agree to a uniform scale of wages for both union and non-union mills. In the end the steel companies made practically no concessions and the Amalgamated Association gave up its right of control in many mills

INAUGURATION OF PORTO RICO'S NEW GOVERNOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARDIE BROS., SAN JUAN, P. R.



GOVERNOR WILLIAM HENRY HUNT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE, AT SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1901

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE ON INAUGURATION DAY — GOVERNOR HUNT AT HIS DESK

ON SEPTEMBER 15 the resignation of Governor Allen took effect and Porto Rico's Treasurer, Mr. Hunt, was inaugurated as Governor. The ceremonies were as simple as possible. Owing to the death of President McKinley the Executive Mansion and all public buildings were draped in mourning

Heilner, who was navigator of the *Texas*, testified that shortly after the *Texas* had turned to run west in pursuit of the fleeing Spanish ships the *Brooklyn* was suddenly seen looming out of the smoke off the *Texas*' port bow. The witness said his "heart was in his mouth" when he saw the big gray ship so near. He estimated the distance at from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards, and added that Captain Philip now dead had thought it even less. Captain Heilner was asked when the *Texas* was in greatest peril in the Santiago engagement, and, despite the rule which the Court had adopted excluding all opinions of witnesses, and despite the protests of Admiral Schley's counsel, he was permitted to reply:

"The greatest danger was when the *Brooklyn* loomed out of the smoke right ahead of us."

This statement caused a sensation in the court-room, which increased when the witness added that on account of the danger of collision with the *Brooklyn* Captain Philip ordered the engines of the *Texas* stopped and the ship backed, this causing the *Texas* to drop about three miles in her pursuit of the foe. Inasmuch as this stopping and backing of the *Texas* was not recorded in the log of that ship, Captain Heilner reluctantly testified that the entry had been omitted from the log by order of Captain Philip, who did not wish to make record of anything that might reflect upon a brother officer. The witness expressed his great regret at being forced to bring a dead man into the controversy. Captain Heilner's testimony as to the stopping and backing of the *Texas* was corroborated by Chief Engineer Bates of that ship.

Counsel for Admiral Schley at once endeavored to break down Captain Heilner's evidence as to the distance between the *Brooklyn* and the *Texas*. They confronted him with a chart which had been prepared by a board of navigators, summoned by Admiral Sampson, and witness was forced to admit that, according to this chart, the two ships were never closer together than eighteen hundred feet. "But the chart is inaccurate—it is nearly worthless," said the witness.

"Nearly worthless!" thundered Judge Rayner, "nearly worthless! Did you not help prepare it? Did you not sign your name to the report as a member of the board of navigators? Wasn't it published by the Navy Department as official and correct?"

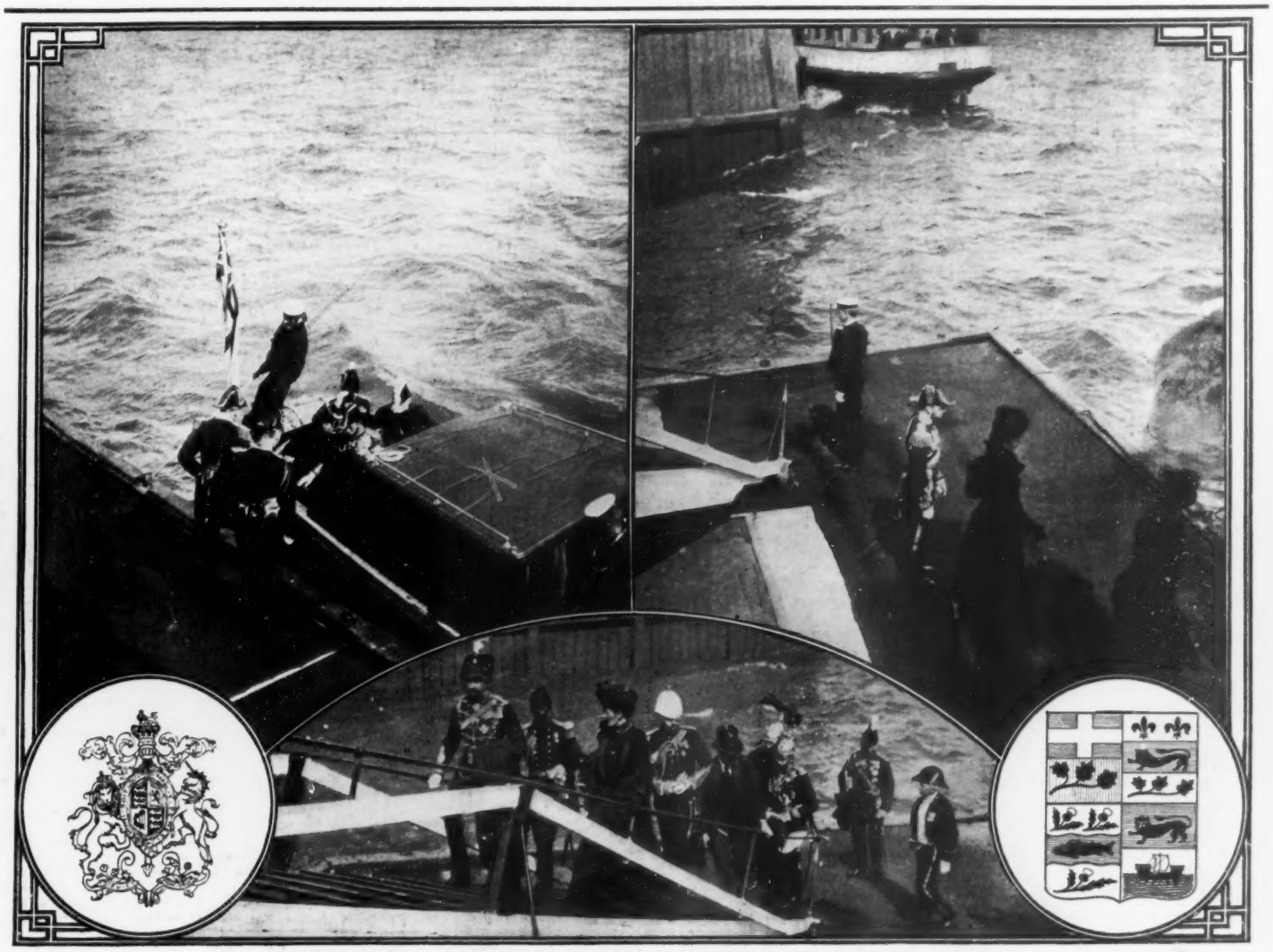
Captain Heilner was forced to admit that all these things were true. But he adhered to his statement that the chart was inaccurate, and that when the *Brooklyn* loomed up off the *Texas*' bow she was no more than one hundred and fifty yards away. He explained the faultiness of the chart by saying the board had been instructed to reconcile all differences and reach a conclusion, and that at the time he had protested against this part of it.

The discovery that there is no accurate chart of the positions of the ships during the Santiago engagement is a surprising one, and it is not pleasant to learn that the official chart is untrustworthy. But it is not true that the case against Admiral Schley rests in any way upon the chart. In so far as the positions of the ships enter the case, the Court will have to reach its conclusions from original testimony, and, so far, the testimony is unfavorable to Admiral Schley. If other witnesses confirm the statement that the "loop" threatened the *Texas*, then the question will arise, "Was Commodore Schley responsible for the 'loop'?" Though the order for the "loop" appears to have been issued by Captain Cook of the *Brooklyn*, Admiral Schley has never denied that he was morally responsible for it, as he was upon the *Brooklyn* as commanding officer. Admiral Schley has always contended that the "loop" was a brilliant manœuvre—the turning-point of the battle.

That the trial is to the navy the event of the year no one will doubt who has kept his eyes open during the past few weeks. Not since the days of the War of the Rebellion have so many officers of high rank gathered in Washington. Rear-admirals tumble over each other. If one should go into the lobby of a Washington hotel and call out "Captain" a dozen men would respond; and they are not paper captains—they are men who are entitled to the rank and who have looked at death through the smoke of the guns of a hostile fleet. Commanders and junior officers are so thick that they attract no attention. Time was when a well-set-up, smart lieutenant in full uniform would draw at least a glance from the impressionable Southern maidens who make Washington famous; but the lieutenant in blue and gold has been so numerous in Washington during the last few days that he can now walk the streets without causing undue sensation.

Not since he returned to the United States the laurel-crowned victor of Manila has Admiral Dewey been intrusted with a more important duty than that which is now engaging him. The honor of the navy, which is far dearer to naval officers than the fate of individuals, is at stake. Admiral Dewey's court is to try to clear away the tarnish.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA



LANDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT QUEBEC

TO DINE in New York one evening and to sit down to lunch in Quebec the following day is to step from the twentieth to the eighteenth centuries, from the New World to the Old. I arrived to find Quebec quivering to the tap of hundreds of hammers. The quaint old city on the cliff was attiring herself for the reception of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and to the chattering French-Canadians the occasion was a rare opportunity for the interchange of gossip. One-half Quebec was perched on ladders, the other half was directing affairs from the sidewalks. All were talking, all were commenting in a strange patois of seventeenth-century French. One had to gaze occasionally at the ensign above the Citadel to assure himself that it was not Dinan or St. Malo.

Much of the decoration was home-made, all of it was fixed in place by the *habitants* who displayed it. Occasional unimportant misadventures occurred. An "N" would stand awkwardly on its head, or a sentiment, faultless in loyalty, would make a sad *faux pas* in grammar. Still, the result was extremely creditable and the general effect charming, as the sun picked out the gay streamers fluttering from wharf to citadel, all the way up the steep, winding streets that corkscrewed their way from sea to mountain-top.

On the day of preparation, it was strange to see quaint figures of Frenchmen, bowed and weatherbeaten, toiling at the mending of roads, the patching of plank-walks that had endangered the limbs of the inhabitants for a generation. The great, planked esplanade overlooking the river, the Dufferin Terrace of Quebec, looked like some patterned mosaic with the gleaming white of the new planks alternating with the trodden black of the old.

From it one looked up the river to the little squadron of waiting warships, downward to the French cruiser *D'Estrées*, the Island of Orleans and the outward path of the St. Lawrence. Below, two hundred feet beneath one's feet, yet so close that one could toss an orange into the chimneys of its rickety houses, was the ancient street of Champlain, the old-time home of sailors and those who prey upon sailors.

From this broad platform of wood a great part of the people of Quebec were watching for the first sign of the royal yacht *Ophir*. The day before she had been hidden in fog, and the launches that went down the river to greet her had returned without knowledge of her whereabouts. It was shortly after nine o'clock when the sun first fell on the four yellow funnels of *Ophir*. A few minutes later, and the whole extent of her big, white sides was visible as she led the fleet of convoys to their moorings opposite the King's Wharf of Quebec.

As she dropped her anchor a busy launch darted across, an officer stepped aboard with a despatch, and, a moment later, the United States ensign was run to her place halfmast. At the sign, all the ships of the squadron followed suit—the Duke of York had learned of the murder of President McKinley.

A little later, and his Excellency the Governor-General, with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada, put off in a barge to welcome their Royal Highnesses. The sun was shining strong and bright and playing on the gaily dressed ships in the harbor. The crowds were in their stations, gala-dressed and happy of face. A strong breeze was raising white horses in the harbor when one bell in the afternoon watch sounded across from *Ophir*. A minute later, and the scarlet-coated marines 'tween decks could be seen to come to the "present." "God Save the King" came faintly over the water, the royal standard was lowered, and their Royal Highnesses were speeding across the half-dozen cable-lengths of water that still separated them from the Dominion of Canada. The guns from the Citadel and from the warships barked out their royal salute. The royal barge brought up at the King's Wharf, the men on the landing-stage came to the "present," the officers saluted, and the Duke of Cornwall, with his tall, fresh-complexioned consort, stepped ashore.

MILITARY AND NAVAL LINES DRAWN UP TO RECEIVE THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK

From there to the House of Parliament was a rapid drive through winding streets under triumphal arches and festoons of bunting. In the council chamber of the House of Parliament their Royal Highnesses received the address of welcome from the Mayor and citizens of Quebec. It was a loyal document, whose style was awe-inspiring in its sonorous recitation of titles: "To his Royal Highness George Frederic Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, Duke of Rothesay, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and Duke of Saxony; Earl of Carrick and Inverness, Baron of Renfrew and Killarney, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, K.G., P.C., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L.," et cetera, et cetera.

One listened and wondered while, on the crimson carpet of the dias, under a canopy surmounted by the ducal coronet, stood his Royal Highness, resplendent in the uniform of a British admiral, wearing the broad ribbons of the Garter, regarding attentively the nervous Mayor fumbling with the pages of his address.

The Duchess of Cornwall is tall and very much more beautiful than her portraits; she has a graceful carriage and a face that lights up with a smile when she addresses one. There is much of the happy graciousness of her late mother, the Duchess of Teck, in her demeanor, and the impression she has made wherever she has gone is that of a womanly princess, a fair heiress to a Crown. She is tall above most women, a worthy mother of princes.

Next to their Royal Highnesses the most commanding figure in the council chamber was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of the Dominion. Dressed in a simple frockcoat, his tall figure, his strong, clean-cut features and flowing white hair marked him out from the more gaudily uniformed officers of the staff and men in official dress.

Night fell. Down in the river the ships seemed to steal about with yards, hull and rigging picked out in tiny lamps. The effect was marvellously beautiful, and, from the river, this ancient city set upon a hill seemed as though decked with illuminated fairy pearls, as though hung about with fireflies. Distance and height and perspective—all were there, and the effect was elflike. The delicate tracery made Quebec by night from the river a scene of entrancing beauty.

DOUGLAS STORY.

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KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

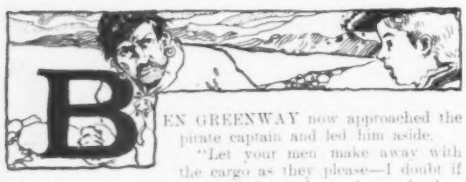
Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, the "Sarah Williams." It is commonly supposed by his neighbors that he is about to embark in trade. He proposes to take his daughter Kate with him on his first cruise. She goes aboard the ship before her father has completed his arrangements on shore, but with the help of Dickory Charter, a fruit vender, she leaves the vessel at night, because she suspects the crew of being desperate characters. Major Bonnet boards his ship and puts off to sea. On the following day he announces to the crew that he intends to become a pirate captain and that they are all pirates. They cheerfully fall in with his plan. The erratic Major's fellow-townspeople conclude that he has gone a-pirating, and Madam Bonnet refuses to receive Kate, because of her absence over night. Kate, after a consultation with her friends, Dickory, his mother and Martin Newcombe, a young gentleman who aspires to her hand and heart, determines to take ship for Jamaica, there to live with her uncle. Dame Charter and Dickory agree to accompany her. In the meantime the amateur pirate, Bonnet, boards his first prize, a ship commanded by an old neighbor at Bridgetown, and finds himself in a dilemma, being undecided about how to make the passengers and crew "walk the plank."

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued)



BEN GREENWAY now approached the pirate captain and led him aside.

"Let your men make away with the cargo as they please—I doubt if it be more than odds and ends, for such are the goods they bring to Bridgetown—and then let them cast off and go their way, and you and I will return to Bridgetown in the *Amanda*, and all may yet be well, this bit of folly being forgotten."

It might have been supposed that Bonnet would have retaliated upon the Scotchman for thus advising him, in the very moment of triumph, to give up his piratical career and to go home quietly to his plantation; but instead of that he paused for a moment's reflection.

"Ben Greenway," said he, "there is good sense in what you say; in truth, I cannot bring myself to put to death my old friend and neighbor and his helpless passengers. As for the ship, it will do me no more good burned than unburned. And there is another thing, Ben Greenway, which I would fain do, and it has just come to my mind. I will write a letter to my wife, and one to my daughter Kate. There is much which I wish them to know, and which I have not yet been able to communicate. I will allow the *Amanda* to go on her way, and I will send these two letters by her captain. They shall be ready presently, and you, Ben, stand by these people and see that no harm comes to them."

At this moment there were loud shouts and laughter from below, and Captain Marchand came forward.

"Friend Bonnet," he said, "your men have discovered my store of spirits; in a short time they will be drunk, and it will then be unsafe for these, my passengers. Bid them, I pray you, to convey the liquors aboard your ship."

"Well said," cried Bonnet; "I would not lose those spirits." And, stepping forward, he spoke to Big Sam, who had just appeared on deck, and ordered the casks to be conveyed on board the *Revenge*."

The latter laughed, but said, "Ay, ay, sir."

Returning to Captain Marchand, Bonnet said, "I will now step on board my ship and write some letters, which I shall ask you to take to Bridgetown with you; I shall be ready by the time the rest of your cargo is removed."

"Oh, don't do that!" cried Ben; "there is surely pen and paper here, close to your hand. Go down to Captain Marchand's cabin and write your letters."

"No, no!" cried Bonnet; "I have my own conveniences;" and with that he leaped on board the *Revenge*.

"That's a chance gone," said Ben Greenway to Captain Marchand, "a good chance gone. If we could have kept him on board here, and down in your cabin, I might have passed the word to that big miscreant, the sailing master, to cast off and get away with that wretched crowd. The scoundrels will be glad to steal the ship, and it will be the salvation of Mr. Bonnet if they do it."

"If that's the case," said Captain Marchand, "why should we resort to trickery? If his men want his ship, and don't want him, why can't we seize him when he comes on board with his letters, and then let his men know that they are free to go to the devil in any way they please? Then we can convey Mr. Bonnet to his home, to repentance, perhaps, and a better life."

"That's good," said Ben; "but not to punishment. You and I could testify that his head is turned, but that when kindness to a neighbor is concerned his heart is all right."

"Ay, ay," said the captain, "I could swear to that. And now we must act together; when I put my hand on him, you do the same, and give him no chance to use his sword or pistols."

The captain of the pirates sat down in his well-furnished little room to write his letters, and the noise and confusion on deck, the swearing and the singing and the shouting to be heard everywhere, did not seem to disturb him in the least. He was a man whose mind could thoroughly engage itself with but one thing at a time; and the fact that his men were at work sacking the merchantman did not in the least divert his thoughts from his pen and paper.

So he quietly wrote to his wife that he had embraced a pirate's life, that he never expected to become a planter again, and that he left to her the enjoyment and management of his estate in Barbadoes. He hoped that his absence, having now relieved her of her principal reason for discontent with her lot, she would become happy and satisfied, and would allow those about her to be the same. He expected to send Ben Greenway back to her to help take care of her affairs, but if she should need further advice, he advised her to speak to Master Newcombe.

The letter to his daughter was different; it was very affectionate. He assured her of his sorrow at not being able to take her with him and to leave her at Jamaica; and he urged her, at the earliest possible moment, to go to her uncle and to remain there until she heard from him or saw him; the latter being probable, as he intended to visit Spanish Town as soon as he could, even in disguise, if this method were necessary. He alluded to the glorious career upon which he was entering and in which he expected some day to make a great name for himself, of which he hoped she would be proud.

When these letters were finished, Bonnet hurried to the side of the vessel and looked upon the deck of the *Amanda*.

Captain Marchand and Greenway had been waiting, in anxious expectation, for the return of Bonnet, and wondering how in the world a man could bring his mind to write letters at such a time as this.

"Take these letters, Ben," he said, leaning over the rail, "and give them to Captain Marchand."

Ben Greenway had, so far, declined to take the letters which Bonnet held out to him, but the latter now threw them at his feet on the deck, and, running forward, he soon found himself in a violent and disorderly crowd who did not seem to regard him at all; booty and drink were all they cared for. Presently came Big Sam, giving orders and thrusting the men before him. He had not been drinking, and was in full possession of his crafty senses.

"Throw off the grapnels," exclaimed Sam, "and get up the foresail!" and then he perceived Bonnet. With a scowl upon his face, Big Sam muttered, "I thought you were on the merchantman; but no matter. Shove her off, I say, or I'll break your heads!"

The grapnels were loosened; the few men who were on duty shoved desperately; the foresail went up, and the two vessels began to separate. But they were not a foot apart when, with a great rush and scramble, Ben Greenway left the merchantman and tumbled himself on board the *Revenge*.

Bonnet rushed up to him. "You scoundrel! You rascal, Ben Greenway, what do you mean? I intended you to go back to Bridgetown on that brig. Can I never get rid of you?"

"Not till ye give up pirating," said Ben, with a grin; "ye may split open my head and throw overboard my corpse, but my live body stays here as long as ye do."

With a savage growl, Bonnet turned away from his faithful adherent. Things were getting very serious now, and he could waste no time on personal quarrels. Great holes and splits had been discovered in the heads of the barrels of spirits, and the precious liquor was running over the decks. This was the work of the sagacious Big Sam, who had the strongest desire to get away from the *Amanda* before the pirate crew became so drunk that they could not manage the vessel. He was a deep man, that Big Sam, and at this moment, although he said nothing about it, he considered himself the captain of the pirate ship which he sailed.

For a time Bonnet hurried about, not knowing what to do. Some of the men were quarrelling about the booty; others trying to catch the rum as it flowed from the barrels; others howling out of pure devilishness, and no one paying him any respect whatever. Big Sam was giving the orders; a few sober men were obeying him; and Captain Stede Bonnet, with his faithful servant, Ben Greenway, seemed to be entirely out of place amid this horrible tumult.

"I told ye," said Ben, "ye had better stayed on board that merchantman and gone back like a Christian to your ain hame and family. It will be no safe place for ye, or for me neither, when that black-hearted scoundrel of a Big Sam gets time to attend to ye."

"Black-hearted?" inquired Bonnet, but without any surprise in his voice.

"Ay," said Ben, "if there's anything blacker than his heart only Satan himself ever looked at it. It was to be sailin' this ship on his own account that he's had in his villanous soul ever since he came on board, and I can tell ye, Master Bonnet, that it won't be long now before he's doin' it. I had me eye on him when he was on board the *Amanda* and I saw that the scoundrel was goin' to separate the ships."

"That was my will," said Bonnet, "although I did not order it."

Ben gave a little grunt. "Yes," said he, "hoping to leave me behind just as he was hoping to leave ye behind; but neither of ye got your wills, and it'll be the devil that'll have a hand in the next leaving behind that's likely to be done."

Bonnet made no reply to these remarks, having suddenly spied Black Paul.

"Look here," said he, stepping up to that sombre-hued personage, "can you sail a ship?"

The other looked at Bonnet in astonishment. "I should say so," said he; "I have commanded vessels before now."

"Here, then," said Bonnet; "I want a sailing-master; I am not satisfied with this Big Sam. I am no navigator myself, but I want a better man than that fellow to sail my ship for me."

Black Paul looked hard at him, but made no answer.

"He thinks he is sailing the ship for himself," said Bonnet, "and it would be a bad day for you men if he did."

"That indeed would it," said Black Paul; "a close-fisted scoundrel, as I know him to be."

"Quick, then," said Bonnet; "now you're my sailing-master, and after this when we divide prizes, you take the same share that I do. As to these goods from the *Amanda*, I will have no part at all. I give it all to you and the rest, dividing according to rule. Go ye, now, among the men, and speak first to such as have taken the least liquor; let them know that it was Big Sam that broke in the hogsheads, which, but for that, would have been sold and divided. Go quickly, and get about you a half-dozen good fellows."

"Ye're gettin' wickeder and wickeder," said Ben, when Black Paul had hurried away; "the devil himself couldn't have taught ye a craftier trick than that. Well ye kenned that that black fellow would fain serve under a free handed fool than a stingy knave. Ay, sir, yer education's progressin'."

At this moment Big Sam came hurrying by. Not wishing to excite suspicion, Bonnet addressed him a question, but, instead of answering, the burly pirate swore at him. "I'll attend to your business," said he, "as soon as I have my sails set; then I'll give you two leather-headed landsmen all the hoisting and lowering you'll ever ask for." Then, with another explosion of oaths, he passed on.

Bonnet and Ben stood waiting, with much impatience and anxiety, but presently came Black Paul with a party of brawny pirates following him.

"Come, now," said Bonnet, walking boldly aft toward Big Sam, who was still cursing and swearing right and left. Bonnet stepped up to him and touched him on the arm. "Look ye," said he, "ye're no longer sailing-master on this ship; I don't like your ways or your fashions. Step forward, then, and go to the fo'castle where you belong. This good mariner," pointing to Black Paul, "will take your place and sail the *Revenge*."

Big Sam turned, and stood astounded, staring at Bonnet. He spoke no word, but his face grew dark and his great

eyebrows were drawn together. His mouth was half-open, as if he were about to yell or swear. Then, suddenly, his right hand fell upon the hilt of his cutlass, and the great blade flashed in the air. He gave one bound toward Bonnet, and in the same second the cutlass came down like a stroke of lightning. But Bonnet had been a soldier, and had learned how to use his sword; the cutlass was caught on his quick blade and turned aside. At this moment, Black Paul sprung at Big Sam and seized him by the sword-arm, while another fellow, taking his cue, grabbed him by the other shoulder.

"Now, some of you fellows," shouted Bonnet, "seize him by the legs and heave him overboard!"

This order was obeyed almost as soon as it was given. Four burly pirates rushed Big Sam to the bulwarks, and, with a great heave, sent him head foremost over the rail. In the next instant he had disappeared, gone, passed out of human sight or knowledge.

"Now, then, Mr. Paul, not knowing your other name—"

"Which it is Bittern," said the other.

—"You are now sailing-master of this ship, and when things are straightened out a bit you can come below and sign articles with me."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Black Paul; and, calling to the men, he gave orders that they go on with the setting of the main topsail.

"Now, truly," said Ben, "I believe that ye're a pirate."

Bonnet looked at him, much pleased. "I told you so, my good Ben; I knew that the time would come when you would acknowledge that I am a true pirate; after this, you cannot doubt it any more?"

"Never again, Master Bonnet," said Ben Greenway, gravely shaking his head, "never again."

The brig *Amanda*, with full sails and an empty hold, bent her course eastward to the island of Barbadoes, and the next morning, when the drunken sailors on board the *Revenge* were able to look about them and consider things, they found their vessel speeding toward the coast of Cuba, and sailed by Black Paul Bittern.

CHAPTER IX

DICKORY SETS FORTH

MR. FELIX DELAPLAINE, merchant and planter of Spanish Town, the capital of Jamaica, occupied a commodious house in the suburbs of the town, twelve miles up the river from Kingston, the seaport, which establishment was somewhat remarkable from the fact that there were no women in the family. Madam Delaplaine had been dead for several years, and, as her husband's fortune had steadily thriven, he now found himself possessor of a home in which he could be as independent and as comfortable as if he had been the president and sole member of a club.

Being of a genial disposition and disposed to look most favorably upon his possessions and surrounding conditions, Mr. Delaplaine had come to be of the opinion that his lot in life was one in which improvement was not to be expected and scarcely to be desired. He had been perfectly happy with his wife and had no desire to marry another who could not possibly equal her; and, having no children, he continually thanked his happy stars that he was free from the troubles and anxieties which were so often brought upon fathers by their sons and their daughters.

Into this quiet and self-satisfied life came, one morning, a great surprise in the shape of a beautiful young woman, who entered his office in Spanish Town and who stated to him that she was the daughter of his only sister, and that she had come to live with him. There was an elderly dame and a young man in company with the beautiful visitor, but Mr. Delaplaine took no note of them. With his niece's hands in his own, gazing into the face so like that young face in whose company he had grown from childhood to manhood, Mr. Delaplaine saw, in a flash, that since the death of his wife until that moment he had never had the least reason to be content with the world or to be satisfied with his lot. This was his sister's child come to live with him!

When Mr. Delaplaine sufficiently recovered his ordinary good sense to understand that there were other things in this world besides the lovely niece, who had so suddenly appeared before him, he remembered that she had a father, and many questions were asked and answered; and he was told who Dame Charter was and why her son came with her. Then the uncle and the niece walked into the garden, and there talked of Major Bonnet. Little did Kate know upon this subject, and nothing could her uncle tell her; but in many and tender words she was assured that this was her home as long as she chose to live in it, and that it was the most fortunate thing in the world that Dame Charter had come with her and could stay with her. Had this not been so, where could he have found such a guardian angel, such a chaperone, for this tender niece? As for the young man, it was such rare good luck that he had been able to accompany the two ladies and give them his protection. He was just the person, Mr. Delaplaine believed, who would be invaluable to him either on the plantation or in his counting-house. In any case, here was their home, and here, too, was the home of his brother-in-law, Bonnet, whenever he chose to give up his strange fancy for the sea. It was not now to be thought of that Kate or her father, or either one of them, should go back to Barbadoes to live with the impossible Madam Bonnet.

If her father's vessel were in the harbor and he were here with them, or even if she had had good tidings from him, Kate Bonnet would have been a very happy girl, for her present abode was vastly different from any home she had ever known. Her uncle's house on the highlands beyond the town lay in a region of cooler breezes and more bracing air than that of Barbadoes. Books and music and the general air of refinement recalled her early life with her mother, and, with the exception of the anxiety about her father, there were no clouds in the bright blue skies of Kate Bonnet. But this anxiety was a cloud and it was spreading.

When the *Amanda* moved away from the side of the pirate vessel *Revenge*, she hoisted all sail and got away over the sea as fast as the prevailing wind could take her. When she passed the bar below Bridgetown and came to anchor, Captain Marchand immediately lowered a boat and was rowed up the river to the recent residence of Major Stede Bonnet, and there he delivered two letters, one to the wife of that gentleman and the other for his daughter. Then the captain rowed back and went into the town, where he annoyed and nearly distracted the citizens, by giving them the most cautious and expurgated account of the considerate and friendly manner in which the *Amanda* had been relieved of her cargo by his old friend and fellow vestryman, Major Bonnet.

"HE IS MY FATHER," SHE SAID, "BUT I HAD NOT HEARD UNTIL NOW THAT HE IS A PIRATE"

Captain Marchand had been greatly impressed by the many things which Ben Greenway had said about his master's present most astounding freak, and, hoping in his heart that repentance and a suitable reparation might soon give this hitherto estimable man an opportunity to return to his former place in society, he said as little as he could against the name and fame of this once respected fellow citizen. When he communicated with the English owners of his now departed cargo he would know what to say to them; but here, safe in harbor with his vessel and his passengers, he preferred to wait, for a time, before entirely blackening the character of the man who had allowed him to come here. Like the faithful Ben Greenway, he did not yet believe in Stede Bonnet's piracy.

Madam Bonnet read her letter and did not like it. In fact, she thought it shameful. Then she opened and read the letter to her step-daughter. This she did not like either, and she put it away in a drawer; she would have nothing to do with the transmission of such an epistle as this—most abominable when contrasted with the scurrilous screed he had written to her.

Day after day passed on, and Kate Bonnet arose each morning feeling less happy than on the day before. But at last a letter came, brought by a French vessel which had touched at Barbadoes. This letter was to Kate from Martin Newcombe. It was a love letter, a very earnest, ardent love letter, but it did not make the young girl happy, for it told her very little about her father. The heart of the lover was so tender that he would say nothing to his lady which might give her needless pain. He had heard what Captain Marchand had told and he had not understood it, and could only half believe it. Kate must know far more about all this painful business than he did, for her father's letter would tell her all he wished her to know. Therefore, why should he discuss that most distressing and perplexing subject, which he knew so little about. So he merely touched upon Major Bonnet and his vessel, and hoped that she might soon write to him and tell him what she cared for him to know, what she cared for him to tell to the people of Bridgetown, and what she wished to repose confidentially to his honor. But whatever she chose to say to him or not to say to him, he would have her remember that his heart belonged to her, and ever would belong, no matter what might happen or what might be said for good or for bad, on the sea or the land, by friends or enemies.

This was a rarely good love letter, but it plunged Kate into the deepest woe, and Dickory saw this first of all. He had brought the letter, and, for the second time, he saw tears in her eyes. The absence of news of Major Bonnet was soon known to the rest of the family, and then there were other tears. It was perfectly plain, even to Dame Charter, that things had been said in Bridgetown which Mr. Newcombe had not cared to write.

"No, Dame Charter," said Kate, "I cannot talk to you about it. My uncle has already spoken words of comfort, but neither you nor he know more than I do, and I must now think a little for myself, if I can."

And so saying, she walked out into the grounds to a spot at a little distance where Dickory stood, reflectively gazing out over the sea.

"Dickory," said the girl, "my mind is filled with horrible doubts. I have heard of the talk in Bridgetown before we left, and now here is this letter from Mr. Newcombe from which I cannot fail to see that there must have been other talk that he considerately refrains from telling me."

"He should not have written such a letter!" exclaimed Dickory hotly; "he might have known it would have set you to suspecting things."

"You don't know what you are talking about, you foolish boy," said she; "it is a very proper letter about things you don't understand." She stepped a little closer to him, as if she feared some one might hear her. "Dickory," said she, "he did not put that thing into my mind; it was there already. That was a dreadful ship, Dickory, and it was filled with dreadful men. If he had not intended to go with them he would not have put himself into their power, and, if he had not intended to be long away, he would not have planned to leave me here with my uncle."

"You ought not to think such a thing as that, for one minute," cried Dickory. "I would not think so about my mother, no matter what happened!"

She smiled slightly as she answered: "I would my father were a mother and then I need not think such things. But, Dickory, if he had but written to me—and in all this time he might have written, knowing how I must feel!"

Dickory stood silent, his bosom heaving. Suddenly he turned sharply toward her. "Of course he has written," said he; "but how could his letter come to you? We know not where he has sailed; and, besides, who could have told him you had already gone to your uncle? But the people at Bridgetown must know things. I believe that he has written there."

"Why do you believe that?" she asked eagerly, with one hand on his arm.

"I think it," said Dickory, his cheeks a little ruddier in their brownness, "because there is more known there than Master Newcombe chose to put into his letter. If he has not written how should they know more?"

She now looked straight into his eyes, and, as he returned the gaze, he could see in her pupils his head and his straw hat, with the clear sky beyond.

"Dickory," she said, "if he wrote to anybody he also wrote to me, and that letter is still there."

"That is what I believe," said he, "and I have been believing it."

"Then why didn't you say so to me, you wretched boy," cried Kate; "you ought to have known how that would have comforted me. If I could only think he has surely written my heart would bound, no matter what his letter told; but to be utterly dropped, that I cannot bear."

"You have not been dropped," he exclaimed, "and you shall know it. Kate, I am going—"

"Nay, nay," she exclaimed, "you must not call me that!"

"But you call me Dickory," he said.

"True, but you are so much younger."

"Younger!" he exclaimed in a tone of contempt, not for the speaker but for the word she had spoken, "eleven months!"

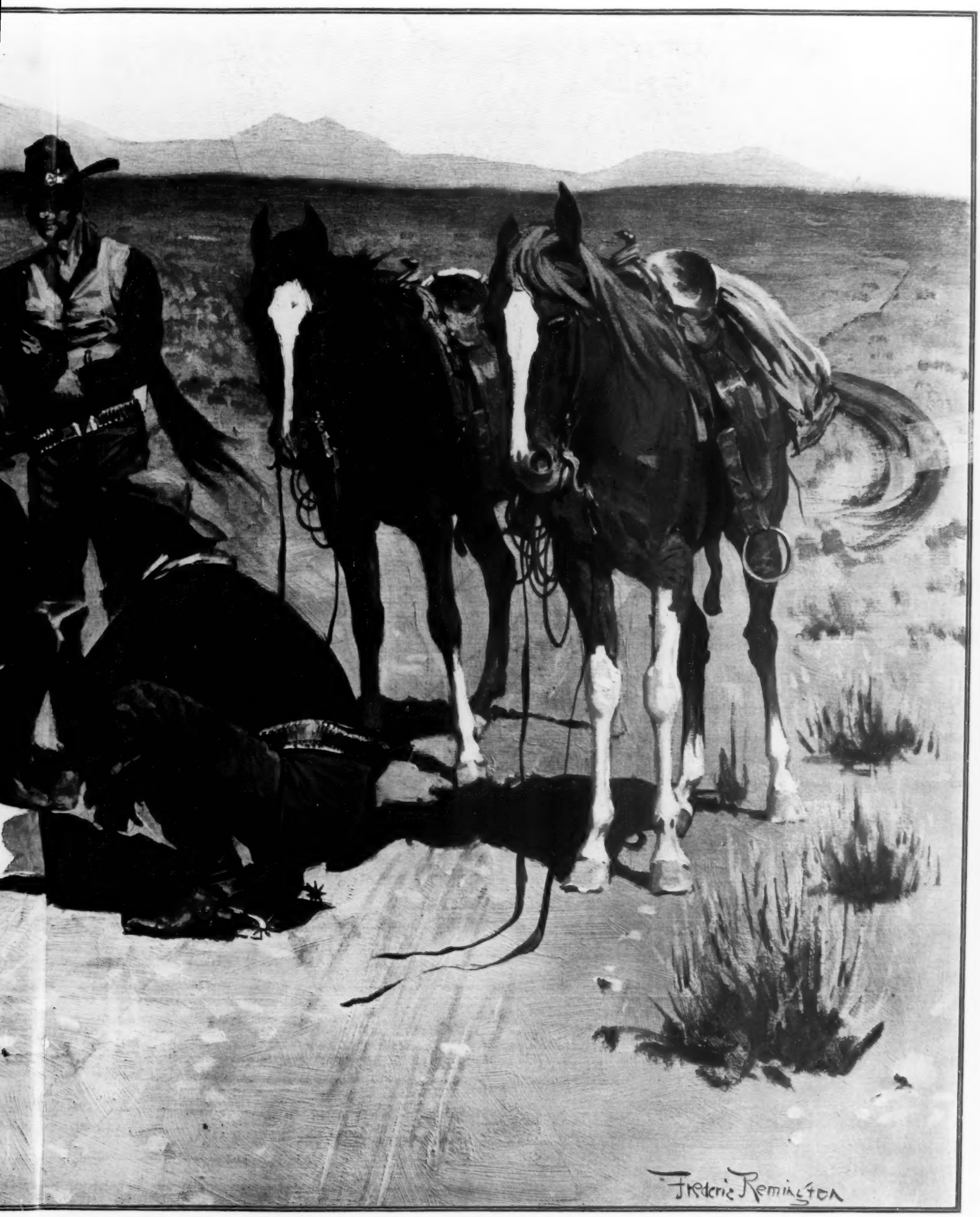
She laughed a little laugh; her nature was so full of it that even now she could not keep it back.

"You must have been making careful computation," she said; "but it does not matter—you must not call me Kate and I shall keep on calling you Dickory; I could not help it. Now where is it you were about to say you were going?"

"If you think me old enough," said he, "I am going to Barbadoes in the *King and Queen*; she sails to-morrow. I

A POST OFFICE IN TH

DRAWN BY FREDERI



THE "COW COUNTRY"

REDERIC REMINGTON

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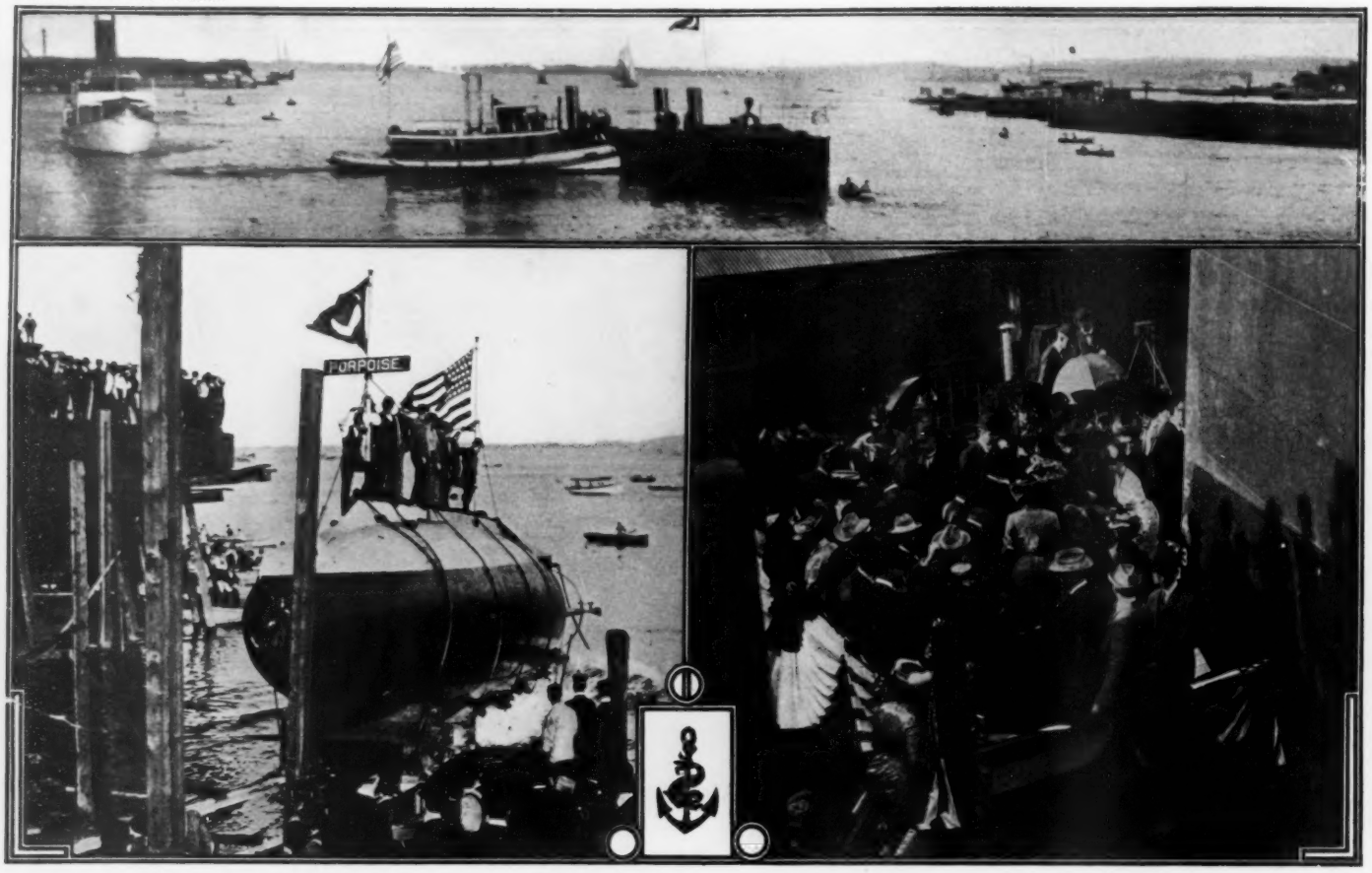


LAUNCHING OF THE "NICHOLSON" AND THE "PORPOISE"—Society and the Navy were represented at the double launching, at Lewis Nixon's shipyard, Elizabethport, New Jersey, September 23, when the torpedo boat "Nicholson" and the Holland submarine boat "Porpoise" were water-born. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont christened the "Nicholson" and Miss Jessie Moore the "Porpoise." The "Nicholson" is 175 feet long and has 17 feet beam; her engines are over 3,000 horsepower, and she cost $165,000. The "Porpoise" is 63 feet long and nearly 12 feet wide; her engines are of 160 horsepower, and she cost $170,000. A 70-horsepower electric motor will drive her when under water

shall find out about everything, and I shall get your letter; then I shall come back and bring it to you."

"Dickory!" she exclaimed, and her eyes glowed.

There was silence for some moments, and then he spoke; for it was necessary for him to say something, although he would have been perfectly content to stand there speechless, so long as her eyes still glowed.

"If I don't go," said he, "it may be long before you hear from him; having written, he will wait for an answer."

She thought of no difficulties, no delays, no dangers. "How happy you have made me, Dickory!" she said. "It is this dreadful ignorance, these fearful doubts of which I ought to be ashamed. But if I get his letter, if I know he has not deserted me!"

"You shall get it," he cried, "and you shall know."

"Dickory," said she, "you said that exactly as you spoke when you told me that if I let myself drop into the darkness you would be there."

"And you shall find me there now," said he; "always, if you need me, you shall find me there!"

Dame Charter had been standing and watching this interview; her foolish, motherly heart filled with the brightest, most unreasonable dreams. And why should she not dream, even if she knew her dreams would never come true? In a few short weeks that Dickory boy had grown to be a man, and what should not be dreamed about a man?

As Kate ran by the open door toward her uncle's apartments, Dame Charter rose up, surprised.

"What have you been saying to her, Dickory?" she exclaimed. "Do you know something we have not heard? Have you been giving her news of her father?"

"No," said the son, who had so lately been a boy, "I have no news to give her, but I am going to get news for her."

She looked at him in amazement. Then she exclaimed, "You!"

"Yes," he said, "there is no one else. And, besides, I would not want any one else to do it. I am going to Bridgetown in the brig which brought us here; it is a little sail, and when I get there I will find out everything. No matter what has happened, it will break her heart to think that her father deserted her without a word. I don't believe he did it, and I shall go and find out."

"But, Dickory," she said, with anxious, upraised face, "how can you get back? Do you know of any vessel that will be sailing this way?"

He laughed.

"Get back? If I go alone, dear mother, you may be sure I shall soon get back. Craft of all kinds sail one way or another, and there are many ways in which I can get back not thought of in ordinary passage. When any kind of a vessel sails from Jamaica I can get on board of her whether she takes passengers or not. I can sleep on a bale of goods or on the bare deck; I can work with the crew if need be. Oh! you need not doubt that I shall speedily come back."

They talked long together, this mother and this son, and it was her golden dreams for him that made her invoke Heaven's blessings upon him and tell him to go. She knew, too, that it was wise for her to tell him to go and to bless him, for it would have been impossible to withstand him, so set was he in his purpose.

"I tell you, Dame Charter," said Mr. Delaplaine an hour later, "this son of yours should be a credit and pride to you and he will be, I stake my word upon it."

"He is now," said the good woman quietly.

"I have been pondering in my brain," said he, "what I should do to relieve my niece of this burden of anxiety which is weighing upon her. I could see no way, for letters would be of no use, not knowing where to send them, and it would be dreary indeed to sit and wait and sigh and dream bad dreams until chance throws some light upon this grievous business, and here steps up this young fellow and settles the whole matter. When he comes back, Dame Charter, I shall do well for him; I shall put him in my counting-house; for, although doubtless he would fain live his young life in the fields and under the open sky, he will find the counting-house lies on the road to fortune, and good fortune he deserves."

If that loving mother could have composed this speech for Master Delaplaine to make she could not have suited it better to her desires.

When the *King and Queen* was nearly ready to sail, Dickory Charter, having been detained by Mr. Delaplaine, who wished the young man to travel as one of importance and plentiful resources, hurried to the house to take his final instructions from Mistress Kate Bonnet, in whose service he was now setting forth. It might have been supposed by some that no further instructions were necessary, but how could Dickory know that? He was right. Kate met him before he reached the house.

"I am so glad to see you again before you sail," she said; "one thing was forgotten: you may see my father; his cruise may be over and he may be, even now, preparing for me to come back to Bridgetown. If this be so, urge him rather to come here. I had not thought of your seeing him, Dickory, and I did not write to him, but you will know what to say. You have heard that woman talk of me and you well know I cannot go back to my old home."

"Oh, I will say all that!" he exclaimed; "it will be the same thing as if you had written him a long letter. And now I must run back, for the boat is ready to take me down the river to the port."

"Dickory," said she, and she put out her hand—he had never held that hand before—"you are so true, Dickory, you are so noble, you are going"—it was in her mind to say "you are going as my knight-errant," but she deemed that unsuitable, and she changed it to "you are going to do so much for me." She stopped for a moment, and then she said: "You know I told you you should not call me Kate, being so much younger; but, as you are so much younger, you may kiss me if you like."

"Like!"

CHAPTER X

CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER VINCE

IT WAS TRULY SURPRISING to see the change which came over the spirits of our young Kate Bonnet when she heard that the *King and Queen* had sailed from Kingston port. She was gay, she was talkative, she sang songs, she skipped in the paths of the garden. One might have supposed she was so happy to get rid of the young man on the brig which had sailed away. And yet, the news she might hear when that young man came back were likely to be far worse than any misgivings which had entered her mind. Kate's high spirits delighted her uncle. This child of his sister had grown more lovely than even her mother had ever been.

Now came days of delight which Kate had never dreamed of. She had not known that there were such shops in Spanish Town—which, although a youngish town, had already drawn to itself the fashion and the needs of fashion of that prosperous colony. With Dame Charter, and often, also, with her uncle, in company, this bright young girl hovered over fair fabrics which were spread before her, circled about jewels, gems and feathers and revelled in tender colors as would a butterfly among the blossoms, dipping and tasting as she flew.

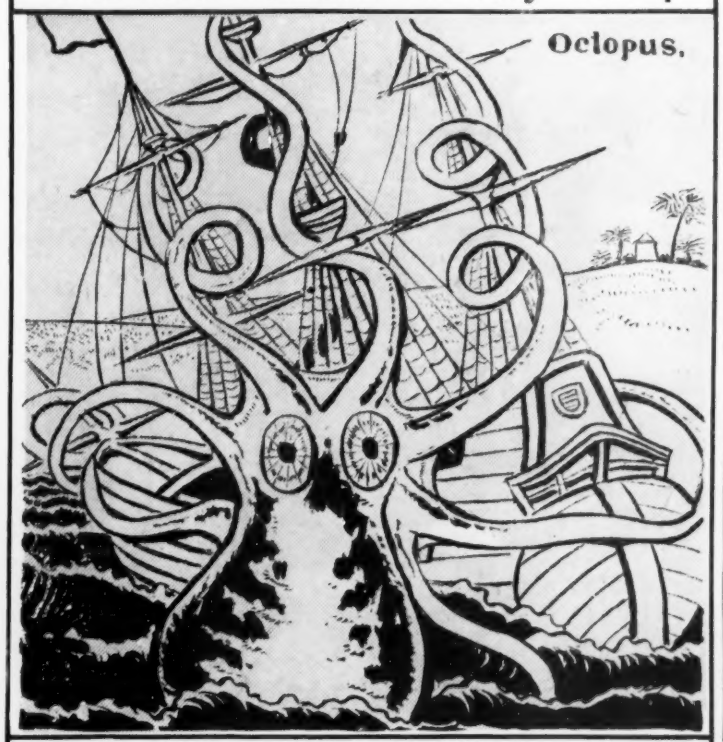
There were some fine folk in Spanish Town, and with this pleasant society of the capital Mr. Delaplaine renewed his previous intercourse, and Kate soon learned the pleasures of a colonial social circle, whose attractions, brought from afar, had been warmed into a more cheerful glow in this bright West Indian atmosphere.

To add to the brilliancy of the new life into which Kate now entered, there came into the port an English corvette, the *Badger*, for refitting. From this welcome man-of-war there flitted, up the river to Spanish Town, gallant officers, young and older; and, in their flitting, they flitted into the drawing-room of the rich merchant, Delaplaine, and there were some of them who soon found that there were no drawing-rooms in all the town where they could talk with, walk with, and, perchance, dance with, such a fine girl as Mistress Kate Bonnet.

Kate greatly fancied gallant partners, whether for walking, or talking, or dancing, and among such, those which came from the corvette in the harbor pleased her most.

Those were not bright days for Dame Charter. Do what she would, her optimism was growing dim, and what helped to dim it was Kate's gayety. It did not comfort her at all when Kate told her that she was so light-hearted because she knew that Dickory would bring her good news.

The New Natural History—No. 4



THE OCTOPUS

By OLIVER HERFORD

THE DEVIL fish or OCTOPUS
Has often been HELD-UP to us
To typify the GREEDY LUSTS
Of GRASPING SYNDICATES and TRUSTS.
This PICTURE (FROM AN EARLY PRINT)
Gives us if true a FEARFUL HINT
Of his GREAT SIZE, and THROWS some LIGHT
On his tremendous APPETITE.
But let us, CHILD, whate'er we do
Give the poor DEVIL fish his DUE!
The PICTURE, I forgot to say
Is QUITE UNTRUE in every way
The MORAL'S PLAIN as plain can be
Don't believe EVERYTHING you SEE.

"Truly, too many fine young men here," thought Dame Charter, "while Dickory is away, and all of them together are not worth a curl of his head."

But, although her dreams were dimmed, she did not cease dreaming. A stout-hearted woman was Dickory's mother.

But it was not long before there were other people thereabout who began to feel that their prospects for present enjoyment were beginning to look a little dim; for Captain Christopher Vince, having met Mistress Kate Bonnet at an entertainment at the Governor's house, was greatly struck by this young lady. Each officer of the *Badger* who saw their captain in company with the fair one to whom their gallant attentions had been so freely offered, now felt that, in love as well as in accordance with the regulations of the service, he must give place to his captain. Moreover, when that captain took upon himself, the very next day, to call at the residence of Mr. Delaplaine, and repeated the visit upon the next day and the following, the crestfallen young fellows were compelled to acknowledge that there were other houses in the town where it might be better worth their while to spend their leisure hours.

Captain Vince was not a man to be lightly interfered with, whether he happened to be engaged in the affairs of Mars or Cupid. He was of a resolute mind, and of a person more than usually agreeable to the female eye. He was about forty years of age, of an excellent English family and with good expectations. He considered himself an admirable judge of women, but he had never met one who so thoroughly satisfied his æsthetic taste as this fair niece of the merchant Delaplaine. She had beauty; she had wit; she had culture; and the fair fabrics of Spanish Town shops gave to her attractions a setting which would have amazed and entranced Master Newcombe or our good Dickory. The soul of Captain Vince was fired, and each time he met Kate and talked with her the fire grew brighter.

He had never considered himself a marrying man; but that was because he had never met any one he had cared to marry. Now things were changed. Here was a girl he had known but for a few days, and already, in his imagination, he had placed her in the drawing-rooms of the English home he hoped soon to inherit, more beautiful, and even more like a princess, than any noble dame who was likely to frequent those rooms. In fancy he had seen her by his side, walking through the shaded alleys of his grand old gardens; he had looked proudly upon her as she stood by him in the assemblages of the great; in fact, he had fallen suddenly and absolutely in love with her. When he was away from her he could not quite understand this condition of things, but when he was with her again he understood it all. He loved her because it was absolutely impossible for him to do anything else.

Naturally, Captain Vince was very agreeable to Mistress Kate; for she had never seen such a handsome man, taking into consideration his uniform and his bearing, and had never talked with one who knew so well what to say and how to say it. Comparing him with the young officers who had been so fond of making their way to her uncle's house, she was glad that they had ceased to be such frequent visitors.

The soul of Mr. Delaplaine was agitated by the admiration of his niece which Captain Vince took no trouble to conceal. The worthy merchant would gladly have kept Kate with him for years and years, if she would have been content to stay; but this could not be expected, and, if she married, from what other quarter could come such a brilliant match as this? What his brother-

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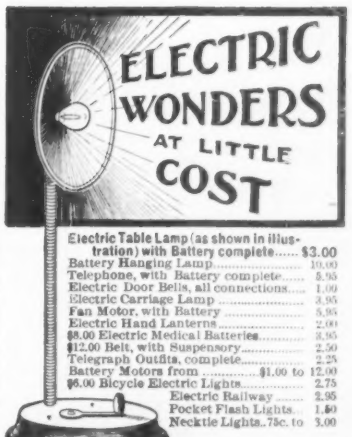

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INVOCATION

By OWEN WISTER

GOD of our youth! in whom we trust,
Protector of our heedless day,
Behold Thy children in the dust,
Hearken, oh Lord! Thy children pray:
If now in manhood's path we stand,
Give wisdom to Thy Promised Land.

God of our youth! what youth has done
With Thy first hundred years, remains;—
A race not lost, a race not won,
A banner not all clean of stains.
Yet, Lord, what mortal youth is free
From deeds that pardon need of Thee?

God of our youth! if youth is o'er,
Thou givest, and dost take away;
Father, our million hearts are sore,
And beat as one in this black day:
Take back our youth, but give with age
Wisdom instead, for heritage.

in-law might think about it he did not care; if Kate should choose to wed the captain, such an eccentric and untrustworthy person should not be permitted to interfere with the destiny as now appeared to open before his daughter. These thoughts were not so idle as might have been supposed, for the captain had already said things to the merchant in which the circumstances of the former were made plain and his hopes foreshadowed. If the captain were not prepared to leave the service, this rich merchant thought, why should not he make it possible for him to do so, for the sake of his dear niece?

With these high ambitions in his mind, the happily agitated Mr. Delaplaine did not hesitate to say some playful words to Kate concerning the captain of the *Badger;* and these having been received quietly, he was emboldened to go on and say some other words more serious.

Then Kate looked at him very steadfastly and remarked, "But, uncle, you have forgotten Master Newcombe."

The good Delaplaine made no answer, for his emotions made it impossible for him to do so; but, rising, he went out, and, at a little distance from the house, he damned Master Newcombe.

Days passed on, and the captain's attentions did not wane. Mr. Delaplaine, who was a man of honor expecting it in others, made up his mind that something decisive must soon be said; while Kate began greatly to fear that that something decisive might soon be said. She was in a difficult position. She was not engaged to Martin Newcombe, but had believed she might be. The whole affair involved a question which she did not want to consider. And still the captain came every day—generally in the afternoon or evening.

But one morning he made his appearance, coming to the house quite abruptly.

"I am glad to find you by yourself," said he, "for I have some awkward news."

Kate looked at him, surprised.

"I have just been ordered on duty," he continued, "and the order is most unwelcome. A brig came in last night and brought letters, and the Governor sent for me this morning. I have just left him. The cruise I am about to take may not be a long one, but I cannot leave port without coming here to you and speaking to you of something which is nearer to my heart than any thought of service—or, in fact, of anything else."

"Speaking to my uncle, you mean," said Kate, now much disturbed, for she saw in the captain's eyes what he wished to talk of.

"Away with uncles!" he exclaimed; "we can speak with them by and by; now my words are for you. You may think me hasty, but we gentlemen serving the king cannot afford to wait; and so, without other pause I say, sweet Mistress Kate, I love you—better than I have ever loved woman, better than I can ever love another. Nay, do not answer; I must tell you everything before you reply." And to the pale girl he spoke of his family, his prospects and his hopes. In the warmest colors he laid before her the life and love he would give her. Then he went quickly on: "This is but a little matter which is given to my charge, and it may not engage me long; I am going out in search of a pirate, and I shall make short work of him. The shorter, having such good reason to get quickly back. In fact, he is not a real pirate anyway, being but a country gentleman tiring of his rural life and liking better to rob, burn and murder on the high seas. He has already done so much damage that if his evil career be not soon put an end to good people will be afraid to voyage in these waters. So I am to sail in haste after this fellow Bonnet, but before—"

Kate's face had grown so white that it seemed to recede from her great eyes. "He is my father," said she, "but I had not heard until now that he is a pirate!"

The captain started from his chair. "What!" he cried, "your father? Yes, I see. It did not strike me until this instant that the names are the same."

Kate rose, and as she spoke her voice was not full and clear as it was wont to be. "He is my father," she said, "but he sailed away without telling me his errand; but now that I know everything, I must—" If she had intended to say she must go, she changed her mind, and even came closer to the still astounded captain. "You say that you will make short work of his vessel. Do you mean that you will destroy it, and will you kill him?"

Captain Vince looked down upon her, his face filled with the liveliest emotions. "My dear young lady," he said, and there he stopped as if not knowing what words to use. But as he looked into her eyes, fixed upon his own and waiting for his answer, his love for her took possession of him and banished all else. "Kill him!" he exclaimed; "never! He shall be as safe in my hands as if he were walking in his own fields. Kill your father, dearest? Loving you as I do, that would be impossible. I may take the rascals who are with him; I may string them up to the yard-arm; or, I may sink their pirate ship with all of them in it, but your father shall be safe. Trust me for that; he shall come to no harm from me."

She stepped a little way from him, and some of her color came back. For some moments she looked at him without speaking, as if she did not exactly comprehend what he had said.

"Yes, my dear," he continued, "I must crush out that piratical crew, for such is my duty as well as my wish; but your father I shall take under my protection, so have no fear about him, I beg you. With his ship and his gang of scoundrels taken away from him he can no longer be a pirate, and you and I will determine what we shall do with him."

"You mean," said Kate, speaking slowly, "that for my sake you will shield my father from the punishment which will be dealt out to his companions?"

He smiled, and his face beamed upon her. "What blessed words!" he exclaimed. "Yes, for your sake, for your sweet, dear sake, I will do anything; and, as for this matter, I assure you there are so many ways—"

"You mean," she interrupted, "that for my sake you will break your oath of office, that you will be a traitor to your service and your king?—that for my sake you will favor the fortunes of a pirate whom you were sent out to destroy? Mean it if you please, but you will not do it. I love my father and would fain do anything to save him and myself from this great calamity, but I tell you, sir, that for my sake no man shall do himself dishonor."

Without power to say another word, nor to keep back for another second the anguish which raged within her, she fled like a bird and was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MISS STELLA WENDT
ORIGINATOR OF THE ORGANIZATION

MISS MARGARET KEEHN
FINANCIAL SECRETARY OF THE UNION

THE HOUSEMAIDS' UNION

ORGANIZED domestic labor, so long regarded only as the figment of the social economist's brain, is now an established fact. Three hundred Chicago servant girls, under the leadership of Miss Stella Wendt, have just organized themselves under the constitution and by-laws of the International Union Label League, with which they are and will henceforth be affiliated.

While the organizers and active officers are all kitchen maids in divers Chicago homes, the servant girls' union is receiving earnest moral support from many leading club and society women, chief among whom are Miss Jane Addams, the founder of Hull House; Miss Mary Collson, and Mrs. Charles Henrotin.

The organization calls itself the Working Woman's Association of America, and a short time since sent out the following call in the form of a neatly printed circular:

"You are hereby cordially invited to come to our meetings and join the Working Woman's Association of America, which has been organized for the purpose of uplifting the householdworkers' trade to the level of other trades—to secure a limited workingday, freedom and independence—to gain for you the rights, principles and privileges of organized labor.

"Do not hesitate to come and give your aid in building up a strong Union. Remember that as an individual you can do nothing to better your condition, but if thousands combine and work for the good cause the conditions will be such as they ought to be—

"Shorter hours, proper recreation when work is done, and protection against overbearing employers.

"You will be able to raise the educational standard among your fellow-workers, and by so doing gain the respect of the employers as well as of the people at large.

"Now is the time for you to realize your hopes for a better social standpoint.

"You can do it yourself.—Self-help is better than charity.—Freedom better than slavery."

Miss Stella Wendt, the originator of the plan for a Union, when asked how she happened to undertake its formation, said:

"My uncle organized a Union, and I thought, Why can't I? So I gave up a position where I had my lungs injured by sleeping in a room where the gas escaped. I went from door to door for a month, calling on the girls and urging them to act in this matter and to interest others. The ladies all treated me nicely, but one—a doctor's wife. She slammed the door in my face. Later, when she learned of our plan, she called a couple of times at my home and wanted me to come to see her. I called the second time. She invited me into her parlor and treated me on lemonade. She told me if we would start a training school she would allow her girl to join. At our next meeting we hope to try to get permanent quarters where girls out of employment can go and stay. We hope to train raw girls so that they can perform some duties without the constant eye of the mistress. We have now about three hundred members. Of course, we are only about two months old."

Miss Ellen Lindstrom, corresponding secretary, explains the object of the organization as follows:

"What we want is, first, good sleeping rooms; second, a ten-hour day, obtained according to the rule of each individual housekeeper; third, regulation of the work required and the wages for same. (Observe, 'regulation,' not raise of wages.)

"Our plan for the girls is to have an office where all business can be transacted by Union officers, so as to do away with all employment bureaus. We also expect to have a permanent meeting-hall, where business can be transacted and entertainments given, and lectures on educational topics, both moral and intellectual. Most important of all we will have a Home, where girls can remain while out of employment or while seeking new situations. If the girls get into the habit of coming together and discussing matters concerning their work along social and economic lines, they will be able to educate themselves, to elevate their calling, and to rise to a better and higher moral standard. In other words, a better class of working-women will undoubtedly be the result of this effort, and, in my opinion, it is every woman's duty, employer or employé, to help the girls in their earnest efforts to specialize and organize the most complicated and most neglected, as well as most important, of all trades—a trade which in this twentieth century is conducted upon the same methods, if any method at all, as were used in the Middle Ages. To allow the majority of women, those who toil in the kitchen, to be neglected and ignored is a hindrance to the progress of evolution and civilization, and ought to be corrected as soon and effectually as possible."

Miss Margaret Keehn, financial secretary, has this to say:

"I am greatly interested in our Union, recently established here. In my opinion, the lot of a housemaid is the hardest of all. To a great extent she is responsible for her situation and miserable condition. She will remain a slave until she has courage to join a Union and fight for her rights. We hope the girls in other cities will combine and fight for their rights as do other industrial organizations. A domestic's work is never done. I have worked in places where I toiled from morning till night and my mistress never seemed satisfied. I have risen at five o'clock in the morning, after spending a sleepless night in a stuffy attic room. I rarely ever got through my work till ten o'clock, and I don't think I am a slow worker. I would never have a minute to myself from the beginning of the week to the end. If I complained of tiredness, I was lazy; if I was sick, I was told I had no business to get sick; if I wanted to go to a funeral, the mistress would ironically remark, 'What a mortality there is among your class!' If a girl is literary, she is made sport of, and if she is fond of music, art and poetry she is demented. A housemaid must bear the ill moods of her mistress as well as her gushing nonsense. A housemaid must always assume an appreciative attitude when her mistress condescends to be social; to listen patiently, even though she must work longer to make up for lost time. Besides, we don't like to be called kitchen mechanics and Bridgets, and be the sport of comic papers. Girls of all nationalities have signified their willingness to join the Union. Further, the organized labor movement does not draw lines on color, race or creed; we welcome all to our Union. We hope to establish a ten-hour system, to study household economics, and, in the end, to aid the mistress. We must respect our trade, and so teach others to respect it. We must get knowledge, for knowledge is power."

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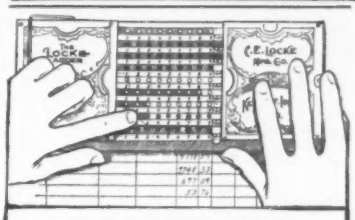

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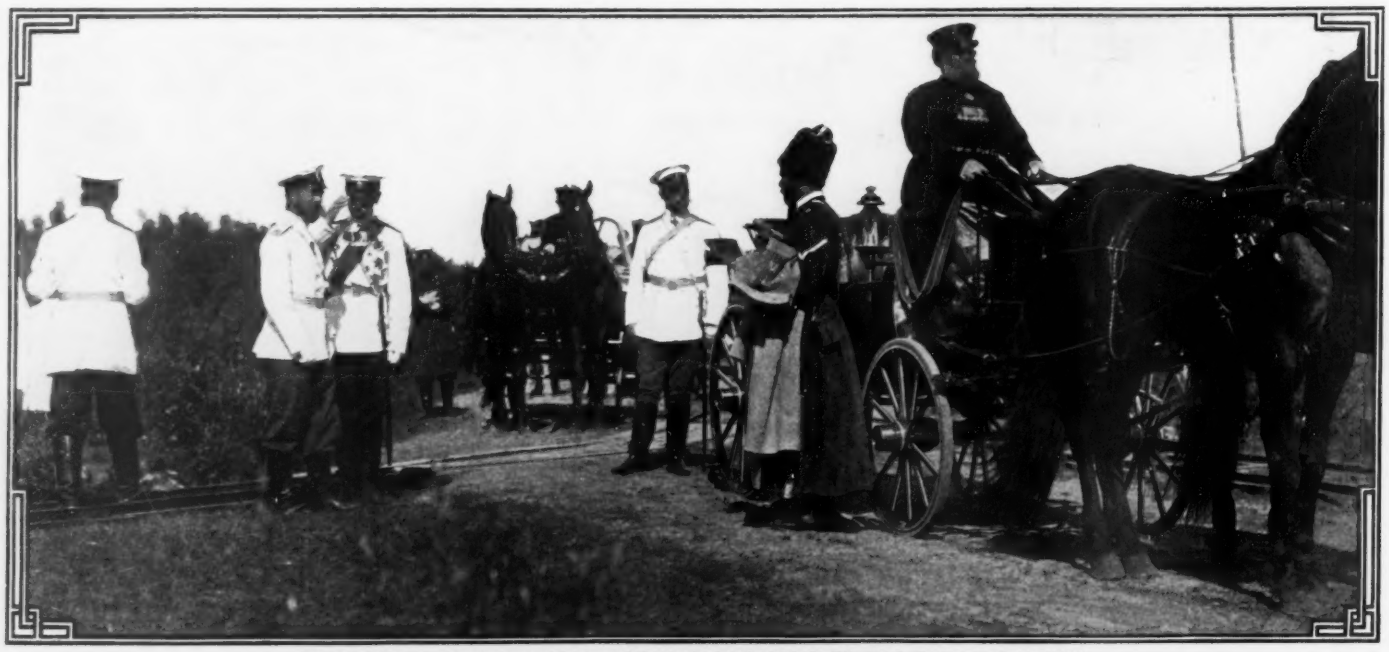

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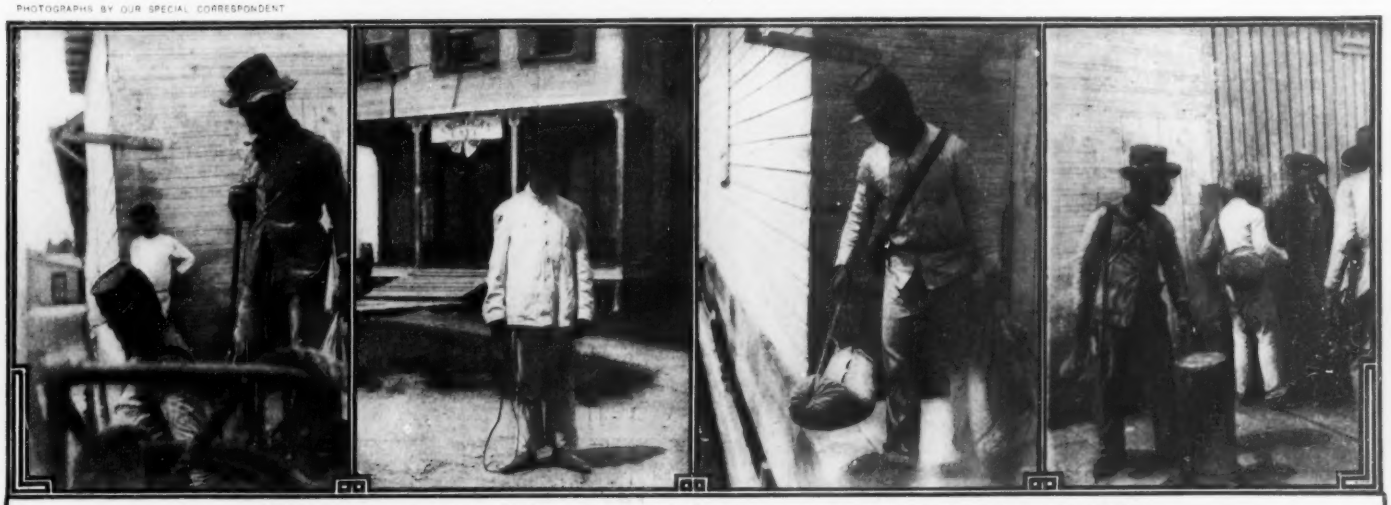

TYPES OF COLOMBIAN SOLDIERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE SIEGE OF BOCAS DEL TORO

THE "SIEGE OF BOCAS DEL TORO"

By EDWIN EMERSON, JR., Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in the Isthmus

FOR THREE long months, now, the little banana port of Bocas, halfway between Central America and the Isthmus of Panama, on the Atlantic side, has suffered dire siege. The harbor entrances, or "Mouths of the Bull," are tightly muzzled, and distracted mariners now must need find their way in and out of the lagoon by way of the Boca del Dragon, a narrow waterway more like the New York "Narrows" or the "Golden Gate" of San Francisco than like a dragon's mouth. It bears this further resemblance to those famous front and back doors to "God's Own Country" that the people who live there are mostly English-spoken. Every house in Bocas and every shop flies the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes.

Some of the early incidents of the siege of Bocas, ending with an unsuccessful sortie by the Colombian garrison, have been recounted in one of my last letters from the Isthmus. At that time the Colombian Liberals, reinforced by political sympathizers and refugees from Costa Rica and Nicaragua, were investing the harbor of Bocas from the mainland and from one of the neighboring islands in the Lagoon of Chiriquis. After much waiting and suspense, a part of the slender garrison of Bocas went out to meet the rebels in battle, but failed to find them. Later, it was discovered that the Liberals had foiled the government troops by paddling their canoes across the lagoon under cover of night. Thus they gained a foothold on Provision Island, with its little settlement of fishermen's huts on a beach called "Old Bank," commanding the main entrance to the harbor, scarcely a mile from Bocas. Straight across from this point of vantage, within easy gunshot, lie two other islands—Careening Key (a Jamaican-English corruption for "Quarantine Quay") and Solarte Quay—with a rocky headland called Diego Point, surmounted by an American hospital for yellow fever patients.

TARGET PRACTICE ON A TOWN

The first intimation given to the Americans in the hospital and in the summer cottages on Careening Key of the changed position of the insurgents was when they were awakened by the sound of bullets pattering against the rocks on the beach below them. Later in the morning the Liberals sent over a small boat with a reassuring message that they merely had been getting the range and were satisfied with their target practice. On that day all open intercourse between Bocas and the other islands in the lagoon ceased abruptly. The hospital was cut off from the world. Business traffic in the town itself came to an all but total standstill. People who came into Bocas from outlying plantations were not allowed to return. Even bathing and fishing were no longer allowed in the harbor.

It was about this time that reports reached Colon and Panama that Bocas had been stormed by the enemy and was in flames. The reports must have been sent by wireless telegraphy, since no wires have ever been strung from Bocas to any other part of the world. However this might be, military reinforcements were rushed down the coast and the American consul at Colon implored Captain Sargent of the *Machias* to go to the rescue of his menaced countrymen.

In the face of such threatened horrors I could not resist the temptation and once more accompanied the soldiers across the Isthmus and up the coast to Bocas. The trip was accomplished, with the usual discomforts, in a small tossing transport steamer overloaded with seasick soldiers. Rather than pass the insurgents' position, the captain lost several hours taking our little craft into the harbor by way of the Bocas del Dragon.

ARRESTED AS A MATTER OF FORM

We were relieved to find that the fair town of Bocas had not yet been blotted from the face of the earth. The people of Bocas seemed no less relieved to see us and gave vent to their feelings in a rousing cheer. I, too, was welcomed as an old friend. This did not prevent the Commandant of the Port from putting me under arrest as soon as I set foot on the wharf, for the twofold offence of travelling without a passport and of carrying an unloaded pistol in my gripsack without a permit from the authorities. I was marched to the Alcaldia, and there met the new commander-in-chief, a stoop-shouldered, nervous man in overgrown civilian clothes and a soiled straw hat. He subjected me to a strict interrogatory, and then fined me four dollars. As soon as this important business was over, he issued a proclamation announcing the arrival of the troops who had just slunk up the only street of Bocas, to the sound of a drum and a battered bugle. All foreigners were advised to be reassured. In brief, the gist of the pronunciamiento was that of George the First's famous first speech to his English subjects: "I haf come for all your goods."

That same evening the Admiral invited me to join him on board his flag launch on an inspection tour around the harbor. I dared not oppose the wishes of the government.

On board the patrol launch we found a red-haired Irishman bossing two Jamaica darkies who could not persuade the little naphtha engine to do its work. Ignoring the Admiral, he introduced himself to me as Tim Hoolihan, chief engineer of the Colombian Government. In token of his office, he wore a hat-band with the words CHIEF ENGINEER freshly lettered in white paint. Hoolihan presently discovered that the reason the launch would not go was because there was no gasolene in the tank. The deficiency was supplied, and we went puffing to the government wharf.

ARRANGING TO SEE THE ENEMY

One day I betook myself to the Commandante's office. To that astonished officer I proposed that he give me permission to penetrate beyond his lines to those of the hated Liberals across the lagoon. As a non-combatant, I urged, no harm would befall me, yet I might be of incalculable service to his cause by bringing him, mayhap, an offer of surrender from the enemy. The Commandante was visibly affected. He called a council of war of his officers behind closed doors. When he emerged he announced that after due deliberation it had been decided that in case I really persisted in my foolish Yanqui plans I might be allowed to go—with an escort of soldiers—presently, mañana, perhaps.

I waived the generous offer of an escort, which would have spoiled all, of course, but insisted that I must go at once, since I wished to return to the Isthmus on the little transport steamer that was to sail out of Bocas under cover of darkness that night to bring new reinforcements for the government.

With a perturbed countenance the Commandante returned to his council of war. After an apparently heated debate, I was summoned into the room. With grave misgivings, the Commandante announced that it had been decided that I might go, provided I promised explicitly to return with a full report concerning the exact strength of the enemy, his resources, his ammunition, the names of the leaders, and a detailed description of the best landing-places.

The proposition was so preposterous that I thought it idle to enter into any discussion whatsoever, so I simply promised to do what I could do, and let it go at that. The Commandante thereupon wrote out a pass for me, but, of course, I left the compromising little piece of paper behind me when I set out on my way to the rebel lines.

OFF FOR THE REBEL LINES

First I asked the Admiral to take me in his launch across the lagoon as far as the hospital, but he refused on the ground that the rebels would surely sink his boat. Captain Byrde, the American whose launch had been fired on during my first visit to Bocas, readily consented to take me, but said he would be careful to fly the right colors this time. One of the veterans of the Spanish-American War gave me a note of introduction to Colonel Withrow at the hospital. We ran across without mishap. As we approached the hospital wharf I was hailed by a familiar voice—"Hello, Emerson, what are you doing down here?"

It was Withrow, a journalistic free-lance of New York with whom I had had many a tilt in days gone by. "Are you Colonel Withrow, or is that your father?" I asked.

Withrow grinned sheepishly, grasped me by the hand, and said, "So you didn't know I was a colonel? You see, I am a veteran of the Spanish-American War. I got the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of immunes in Alabama, so now the boys call me colonel." After leaving his regiment of immunes Withrow had come down here on a banana plantation and promptly contracted yellow fever, from which he was slowly recovering. "So now I am really an immune," ended Withrow, with a wistful smile. When he learned my errand he tried to dissuade me, saying that the rebels would probably detain me in their lines, but when he saw that I was bound to go he obligingly procured a cayuca for me, with two Liberal sympathizers to paddle it, and he further promised to "cover the story" for me in case I should not "turn up again." As we paddled toward the rebel island, with a white flag at our bow, I had a last glimpse of Withrow taking a snapshot of me from the wharf.

Over the Old Bank a little white flag had arisen and beckoned us to a safe landing in a sheltered cove. As we pulled our cayuca ashore, some half-dozen men with old shotguns came down to the beach and demanded the nature of my errand. I asked to be taken to their leader. On the way there I was amused by the antics of half a dozen woolly-headed darkies with shotguns, who lurked behind sheltering cocoanut trees as if to spring forth in instant ambush.

AN ARMY A FEW STRONG

The leader was a Nicaraguan negro of stalwart proportions and amiable mien. He received my version of my visit at its face value, eagerly questioned me for news concerning the progress of the revolution, and asked a few discreet question as to the strength and resources of the garrison in town. To show me how gently his men dealt with foreigners he took me to a little Chinese *fonda* or grog shop. With some ostentation, he paid for the drinks with silver pieces bearing the mint marks of Cos a Rica, Nicaragua, and Colombia. I begged to return the favor to himself as well as to the officers of his staff. My friend beamed and, sticking his fingers into his mouth, emitted a shrill whistle. Instantly some thirty or forty men emerged from behind their cocoanut trees, and came eagerly forward. "Behold my army!" said their leader proudly. The Chinaman looked apprehensive. Putting his hand on my shoulder, the leader addressed his army: "Soldiers, the report of your valor has gone forth to the most distant lands. This gentleman has come all the way from New York to record your valiant deeds. He comes as a friend of our noble cause, the emissary of one of the greatest and most influential journals of the world. Let us drink to the health of our friend and to the great American nation of which he is a worthy representative!" I bowed my acknowledgments and told the Chinaman that I would pay for the drinks. He appeared distinctly relieved, and became positively radiant when I did not offer to pay the score in Colombian paper money. After this introduction the "army" grouped itself on a bluff and assumed a warlike look, while I photographed them. The General had some trouble in explaining to his soldiers why I could not furnish them with nicely mounted photographs at once, but they forgave me when I promised to send each his individual picture just as soon as the cruel war should be over.

"WAR TO THE KNIFE"

Before I left the island my new-found Liberal friends had made plain to me how much better they were off in a plain state of rebellion than by submitting to the government's numberless exactions. They ostentatiously begged me to convey their defiance to the government. "Tell them," said my friend in parting, "that we are several thousand strong and that we court an attack from them. Tell them that if they don't attack we will. Tell them that we shall spare the Americans and foreigners for your sake, now that we know they sympathize with us, but as for the soldiers our message is *Guerra al cuchillo*."

I promised to transmit his message and I did. When the Colombian Commandante heard what I had to say he immediately summoned another council of war. While it was in progress he held back the clearance papers of the steamer that was to carry me away. When the council had finished its deliberations, at last they had determined to call for the assistance of a Colombian warship and for heavy reinforcements of men. The foreign consuls at the same time sent a joint letter asking for the presence of American, British, and German gunboats. As I went on board the little steamer bound for Colon, the American consul of Bocas handed me his consular ultimatum, sealed with seven seals, to be transmitted to Captain Sargent of the *Machias*, should she be in Colon. The letter will be delivered.

By the time this is published at home, I fancy, the *Machias* will be lying off Bocas del Toro. The watchword will be "Mañana," which, translated into vernacular American, mostly means "Nothing doing."

THE "ONEITA" PAT. APR 25 1893

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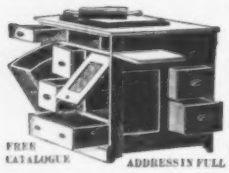

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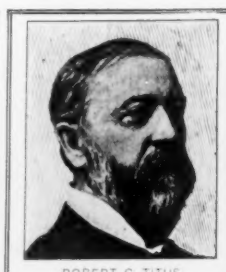
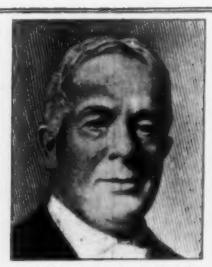
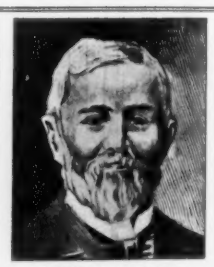


ROBERT C. TITUS, COUNSEL FOR CZOLGOSZ



JUSTICE TRUMAN C. WHITE, TRIAL JUDGE



JUDGE L. L. LEWIS, COUNSEL FOR CZOLGOSZ

The Conviction of Czolgosz

LEON CZOLGOSZ, the pale, blue-eyed youth who killed President McKinley, probably will pass into eternal sleep in the electric chair, facing death with that same sullen silence which, from the moment of the tragedy in the Temple of Music, has added a depressing mystery to the black horror of his crime.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY PENNEY

Indicted by a grand jury, he was led from his cell and arraigned before County Judge Edward K. Emery. Again his lips were closed and his face expressionless. Standing erect before the judge, with his head slightly thrown back, he gazed out of a window, his vision roaming away over the roofs of the city and far out upon the Canadian fields across the Niagara River, as if some satisfying picture were before his eyes, and his ears were deaf to the ringing thumps of the judge's gavel and the sharp commands of the District Attorney, as he shouted in imperative tones: "Czolgosz! Czolgosz! do you hear me?"

The indictment, relating in detail the steps in the tragedy, was read to him, and, while every person in the court-room listened with statue-like silence, Czolgosz did not appear to hear it. His face was calm and colorless, his body motionless and his eyes were the eyes of a dreamer.

Eminent counsel were assigned to defend him—the Hon. Loran L. Lewis and the Hon. Robert C. Titus, two former justices of the Supreme Court—but when these men visited him in his cell he would not talk to them, would not answer their questions. Of all the men on earth these two were the only ones who would or could utter a word in the effort to save his wretched life, yet he met them with stolid contempt and silence. Sitting, partly dressed, on the edge of his cot, he stared at them in dumb defiance, as though spurning any formal attempt to place between him and death the protection of law—the law he hated. So, groping in the darkness of this wretched creature's silence, his attorneys went into court to defend him.

There was little said by them—little to say. No witnesses were sworn in his behalf, no effort made to justify his deed or to find a motive for it. In addressing the jury in Czolgosz's behalf, his counsel, Justice Lewis, said: "We have not been aided by the defendant in our defence. We all know every man longs to live, and so must this one. I believe no sane man would have done what this man has done—struck down our beloved President." And in that utterance was embodied the only defence made for the assassin.

The trial of Leon Czolgosz began in the Supreme Court of Buffalo two weeks and three days after the President was shot. On the second day the case was given to the jury, and after being out just twenty-nine minutes they returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Two days later the prisoner received from Justice Truman C. White the sentence of death. The conduct of the trial was swift, just, and devoid of dramatic incident. It differed little from the ordinary trial of a man charged with murder except for the higher tension of all connected with it and the increased interest of the outside world. As he came nearer to the death sentence, Czolgosz's manner seemed little changed. With guards on all sides, he sat, slouched down in a dejected heap, staring with expressionless eyes, sometimes at the judge, sometimes out through the great windows into the clouds, and again dropping his head upon his chest, either sleeping or feigning sleep so cleverly that his guards were obliged to poke him sharply in the side to arouse him. Only once during the trial did he make a sound or give outward evidence that he either realized or had the slightest interest in the proceedings of the trial. In a guttural, indistinct voice he uttered the one word, "Guilty." It was at the opening of the trial, when the charge was read by the District Attorney and the prisoner was called upon to plead. A brief pause followed after the District Attorney had ceased speaking, and, before the prisoner's counsel could enter the usual plea of "Not guilty," Czolgosz's lips moved, his head was lifted slightly, and deep and muffled, as if from some deep recess of his body, came the sound "Guilty!"

Indistinct as was the utterance, in the silence those near him caught it, and there was the sound of men stiffening with intense feeling, and there was the look of black loathing and hatred in many faces. But the law could not accept the assassin's own confession of his guilt and the plea of "Not guilty" was ordered entered upon the records of the trial. Then quickly followed the story of the terrible tragedy, told by a dozen or more eye-witnesses—the Secret Service men, the soldiers, police and citizens who were standing near the President in the Temple of Music when Czolgosz approached and shot him.

During all this recital the prisoner rarely looked at the witnesses and apparently was not affected by what he heard, except when the handkerchief in which he had carried the pistol was displayed in evidence. Then his head dropped forward and he placed his right hand over his eyes.

During the testimony of James L. Quackenbush, the witness produced a piece of paper which was the only written statement made by the assassin since his arrest. Mr. Quackenbush, being an attorney, had accompanied the District Attorney and police when they were questioning Czolgosz on the night after the shooting. Representing himself to be a newspaper reporter, Mr. Quackenbush asked Czolgosz to make a written statement to the public, and he wrote this: "I killed President McKinley because I done my duty. I don't believe one man should have so much service and another man should have none." And with that simple, almost childish, if not insane, thought for his justification, Leon Czolgosz will pass out into another world probably never realizing the horror and the grief he has caused in the world he is leaving behind.

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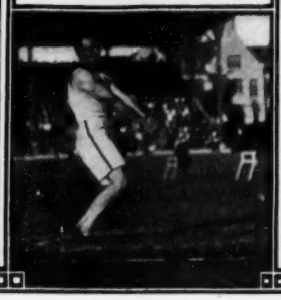
H. W. WORKMAN WINNING THE 2-MILE RUN

MAY (OXFORD) SECOND IN HAMMER THROW



BOAL (HARVARD) WINNER HAMMER THROW

START OF THE 1-MILE RACE

START OF THE HALF-MILE RACE

START OF THE 440-YARD RUN

RUST (HARVARD) WINNING THE 440-YARD RUN

RUST WINNING THE 440-YARD RUN

HARGRAVE, WINNER 100-YARD DASH

DIXON BOARDMAN, YALE

INTERNATIONAL INTERCOLLEGIATE MEET, BERKELEY OVAL, SEPTEMBER 25

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

INTERNATIONAL INTERCOLLEGIATE MEETING

THE international intercollegiate meeting was an eminently satisfactory affair, especially from the standpoint of Harvard and Yale. The result, a victory for the Americans, wiped out the defeat of two years ago at Queen's Club, London. Yale and Harvard then went over to England and met Oxford and Cambridge in a similar contest to that of to-day, and when Quinlan (Harvard) took the first event, the 100 yards—one that was considered a doubtful issue—American stock went up. And had Burke of Harvard come up to anything like his record in the half-mile, the Americans would have won. But something was the matter with him, either climate or poor health, and from the very start he fell behind and was never in the race for a moment. There was still a chance, however, for the Americans, had Boardman been able to carry off the quarter. In this race the Americans were badly outgeneralled, Hollins, one of the Englishmen, carrying Boardman for such a pace for the first three hundred yards as to exhaust the American, when Hollins, dropping out, Davison, the English first string, who had been running with excellent judgment, came up, and Boardman was unable to respond and was beaten out by some five yards. The Englishmen thus eventually won the match, 5 to 4. History repeated itself at this present meeting for the visiting team once more met defeat, 6 to 3.

Of the main contestants in the 100-yards, Hind, the Englishman, had been accredited with 9⅘ seconds, but since coming here 10⅕ has been his best private form and 10⅖ the best in public. Hargrave, the Yale man, has repeatedly done even time and showed 10 seconds flat in the trial heats four days before the contest. In these same trials, Haigh of Harvard had succeeded in shutting out his clubmate, Lightner, although the latter had been accounted the choice. The event was the first on the programme, and every one, spectator and contestant alike, was nervous. There was a slight delay at the start, but presently the four men—Hind and Churchill of Cambridge and Hargrave of Yale and Haigh of Harvard—lined up on their marks. Mr. See with the pistol sent them off to an even start and for twenty-five yards they ran level. Then Hind seemed to be getting a little to the front, Haigh hanging on to him, but both drawing up a little. Just before the 50-yard mark, Hargrave settled well into his running and commenced to close. As the gap was but a foot or so he soon reached his men, and from sixty yards was a shade better than level. At seventy-five he was showing his best form and the others were dropping back. In the last twenty yards, he opened up some five feet on Hind, who had a shade the better of Haigh, and finished strong. The time—10⅖—was astonishingly slow, until it transpired that the men had been started five yards too far back, hence it was really very fast.

Between Workman and Cleave the Englishmen had a pair of half-milers who could without difficulty leave our performers at any point or any time in the race. Behr, who was knocked out in the trials through bad judgment, was the only American who might have stood the slightest chance of pushing the Englishmen in this event. Workman ran at Montreal in 1.54⅘, with Cleave a good second. The best the American performers could hope for was 2 minutes. The Englishmen went to the front at once, Workman doing the quarter in 55⅘ seconds. After that there was practically no race, for as soon as the Cambridge man cut loose at the turn he ran away from the rest. Boynton of Harvard made a plucky try at Cleave, the English second string, but could not hold out with him. Franchot of Yale was hopelessly left. Workman finished with an attempt to break the record—courteous in the extreme, when one considers he still had a two-mile race before him. He only managed 1 minute 55⅘ seconds, however, which he can better, although it is well above the possibility of any Harvard or Yale man at this writing. Cleave followed, in 1 minute 57⅘ seconds.

The English quarter-milers were not considered strong enough, especially after the injury to Cornish, so that Workman, the Cambridge president, thought very seriously of abandoning the half-mile and entering the quarter. Had he done thus, and been really able to beat 50 seconds, as was stated, he might have won the event. Neave, however, was entered by the Englishmen. Cornish, had he not been hurt, was expected to travel at least in 50 seconds flat. Both he and Barclay were, however, defeated by Morrow of McGill at Montreal in 50⅘ seconds. So far as records are concerned, 50⅘ was about as fast as either Neave or Barclay had run.

On the start, at the very first turn, Neave tripped and almost fell, going at once to last place. Boardman was also trailing a little, while Barclay led, with Rust holding him closely. On the back stretch, Neave pluckily pulled up on the bunch, nearly reaching Boardman. At the upper turn, Rust cut loose and overhauled Barclay, Boardman coming with him. As soon as they turned into the straight, Rust passed Barclay, and Boardman also collared him. Then came a desperate finish, Rust by all the strongest of the lot, Boardman evidently laboring but at last getting clear of Barclay. Rust finished well in point in 50 seconds flat, Boardman second in 50⅘, Barclay third.

In the mile the Englishmen brought over Cockshott of Cambridge, one of the most consistent runners in England. He won the English championship on a wretched track in 4 minutes 21 seconds, and there was a rumor that in a trial previous to that event he had made 4.15. In Montreal he won in 4.26, although he had previously run the distance in 4.24⅘. To oppose him the Americans had Clark of Harvard, who had received his baptism of fire two years ago in London, when he was run off his feet in the 3-mile contest. Since then, however, Clark has been improving very much, and he won the 1-mile at the Yale-Harvard meeting in 4.29⅘, and the intercollegiate on a submerged track in 4.31⅕. Here, as in the half, there was no contest, although Clark pluckily stayed with Cockshott up to the last lap, and Knowles of Harvard ran through at the finish and landed third place. Cockshott came home in 4 minutes 26⅕ seconds, with Gregson of Cambridge a fair second in 4 minutes 29⅘ seconds.

In the hurdles, Converse of Harvard and Clapp of Yale had both been accredited with an ability to beat 15⅘ if necessary. Of the Englishmen, Garnier, although in his inter-varsity meet in England taking 17 seconds, reached 16⅕ in Montreal, and in practice has been accredited with just breaking 16. Alcock, the English second string, has always followed, but never caught, Garnier. Converse had beaten Clapp at New Haven in the Dual meet, but been defeated by him at New York in the Intercollegiates. Here the unexpected happened, and it came near being very dangerous for the Americans. Clapp got straightened up for his start just previous to the sound of the pistol, and, failing to fully recover, lost his stride and was beaten from the first hurdle. Garnier meanwhile was going like the wind, running close to his hurdles, but very fast and strong. Converse was barely holding him and Americans especially the Yale men who had looked upon their man as certain of the event, stood fairly petrified. On came the runners, Garnier making good every jump and Converse going faster than ever before, his realization that it was his and his alone to hold the Englishman standing out in every stride. They reached the seventh hurdle, and Garnier got to the ground a fraction ahead of Converse; the eighth, and the Englishman still had a shade the better of it; the ninth, and here again his foot reached the cinders before that of Converse. Only the gamest kind of runner could catch the Englishman now. Between that ninth hurdle and the last, the two fought for it, but Converse could not pull up and the Englishman maintained that few inches of lead as they mounted the tenth and last obstacle. But there was ten yards of flat going to the tape, and as both struck the ground and dashed forward the Harvard man made his final effort, and even in the last stride threw himself at the tape a winner by barely a foot! One could appreciate the struggle when the time of 15⅘ seconds was announced.

In the 2-mile, the English captain was, of course, the star of the occasion. The first mile was covered just inside of 5 minutes. On the last lap, Workman came away as he pleased, in 9 minutes 50 seconds, beating the American record by 1⅘ seconds; Mills of Harvard second, both he and Swan passing Teel, who tired badly in the straight for home.

Of the field events there were no especially remarkable performances, although May of Oxford did himself credit by reaching 128 feet 3 inches in the hammer, to Boal of Harvard 136 feet 8 inches; and in the high jump, Howard Smith of Cambridge made a game try at 6 feet ½ inch, actually clearing the bar, but knocking it off by snapping his head back after getting his legs and body well over. Spraker of Yale won this event with 6 feet 1½ inches, Kernan of Harvard clearing 6 feet ½ inch. In the broad, Cornish of Oxford bravely tried in spite of his injured knee, hurt in practice a few days ago, but it failed him at the first attempt. Spraker of Yale won, with Ristine of Harvard second. The wins were thus distributed: Harvard 3, Yale 3, Cambridge 3; Oxford failing, as did Yale two years ago, to get to the front in any event.

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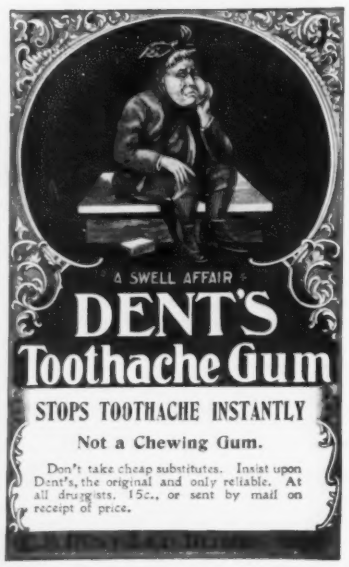

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PRINCETON FOOTBALL MATERIAL

The first part of the football season gives evidence of a goodly array of material at all the large universities. Princeton began their work on September 16, with practically the entire team of last year and an excellent showing of new men. The layout arranged to begin on, which, of course, is subject to considerable change, either through accident or design, is as follows: For full-backs, Underhill, the brilliant drop-kicker, and Hodgman make the most promising candidates. For half-backs, McCord, McClave, Levick, Hart, and Henry form a pretty fair lot of material out of which to select two men. Then, among the incomers for the back field there is Kafer of Lawrenceville, Foulke and King of St. Paul's, Minott and Omberger, who have played the position of fullback in preparatory school. For quarter-back material, Meier is the strongest, but from the schoolboy contingent there is Henry, who played quarter at Blair Hall. For end rushers, Roper, Montgomery and G. Poe are the most available in sight. For tackles, there are Pell, Davis and Sheffield. For guards, Wright, Dana, DeWitt and Mills make a heavy and formidable body. At centre, Losey and Butkiewicz are most promising. From the schools for line positions there come Brown from Delancy, Tarbell from Lawrenceville, Barney from Andover, Towne from Hill's School, and Short from St. Paul's; also a promising centre in Starr from Mount Herman.

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CHAMPIONSHIP RECORDS

In view of this tournament, the records of the Championships are worth noting. The first Woman's Tournament was held at Morris County in October of 1896. In the semi finals there were Miss Hoyt, Miss Sands, Mrs. Turnure, and Miss Oliver. Miss Sands defaulted to Miss Hoyt, while Mrs. Turnure defeated Miss Oliver 2 up. In the finals Miss Hoyt defeated Mrs. Turnure 2 up and 1 to go. In the next year the tournament was held on the grounds of the Essex County Club. Miss Hoyt was the only one of the four semi-finalists of the previous year to appear in the semi-finals on that occasion. She defeated Miss Longworth, while Miss Sargent defeated Miss Griscom. In the finals, Miss Hoyt had an easier victory than in the previous year, beating Miss Sargent 5 up and 4 to go. In 1898 the tournament was held in October at Ardsley. For the third year Miss Hoyt came to the front. In the semi-finals she beat Miss Eidlitz, while Miss Wetmore defeated Miss Griscom. Miss Hoyt, however, after defeating Miss Eidlitz, had a rather easy win over Miss Wetmore by 5 up and 3 to go. In 1899 the tournament was held in October, on the grounds of the Philadelphia Country Club. In the semi-finals appeared Miss Underhill, who defeated Miss Cassatt, and Mrs. Fox, who defeated Miss Oliver, in a closely contested match requiring nineteen holes. In the finals Miss Underhill defeated Miss Fox 2 up and 1 to go. Last year the tournament was held the end of August, at Shinnecock, and it brought out by all odds the most exciting contests ever held at a woman's tournament in this country. Miss Hoyt once more appeared among the semi-finalists, but was defeated by Miss Curtis in a match requiring twenty holes. The other semi-finalists were Miss Griscom and Miss Terry. The two played through eighteen holes even up, Miss Griscom winning on the nineteenth. In the finals, however, Miss Griscom's greater experience and steadiness told, and she defeated Miss Curtis 6 up and 5 to go.

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Mrs. (Senator) Daniel, Virginia
" (Ex-Senator Davis, Minnesota
" (Senator) Deboe, Kentucky
Admiral George Dewey
Mrs. (Captain) R. D. Evans
" (Senator) Fairbanks, Indiana
" " Foster, Washington
" " Frye, Maine
" " Gallinger, New Hampshire
" (Ex-Senator) Gear, Iowa
" (Representative) Grosvenor
" (Senator) Hanna
" " Hansbrough, North Dakota
" " Harris, Kansas
" " Hawley, Connecticut
" " Heitfeld, Idaho
" " Hoar, Massachusetts
" (Speaker) Henderson
" Thomas Hendricks, widow of late Vice-President
Baroness Hengelmuller, wife of Austro-Hungarian Minister
Mrs. (Senator) Jones, Arkansas
" " Kenney, Delaware
" (Ex-Senator) Kyle, South Dakota
" (Senator) McComas, Maryland
" " McCumber, North Dakota
" " McEnery, Louisiana
" " McLaurin, South Carolina
" " McMillan, Michigan
" " Martin, Virginia
" " Money, Mississippi
" Rob't McKee, daughter of Ex-President Harrison
" (Justice) McKenna
" " Matthews
" (General) Miles
" Mertvago, wife of former Russian Naval Attache
" (Senator) Nelson, Minnesota
" " Pettus, Alabama
" " Pritchard, North Carolina
" " Quarles, Wisconsin
" " Rawlins, Utah
" " Ross, Vermont
" (General) Ricketts
" (Senator) Scott, West Virginia
" (Ex-Senator) Shoup, Idaho
" (Senator) Spooner, Wisconsin
" Elizabeth Cady Stanton
" (Senator) Stewart, Nevada

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NINE DOLLARS AND 25 CENTS buys this high grade 1901 MODEL BICYCLE and regular $2.00 Gas Bicycle Lamp.

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The excessive use of alcohol produces a disease which yields easily to the

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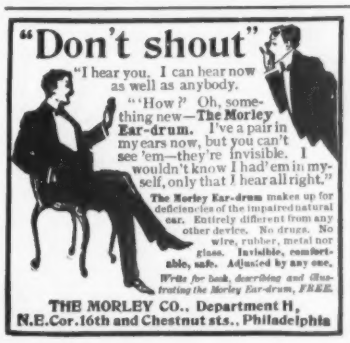

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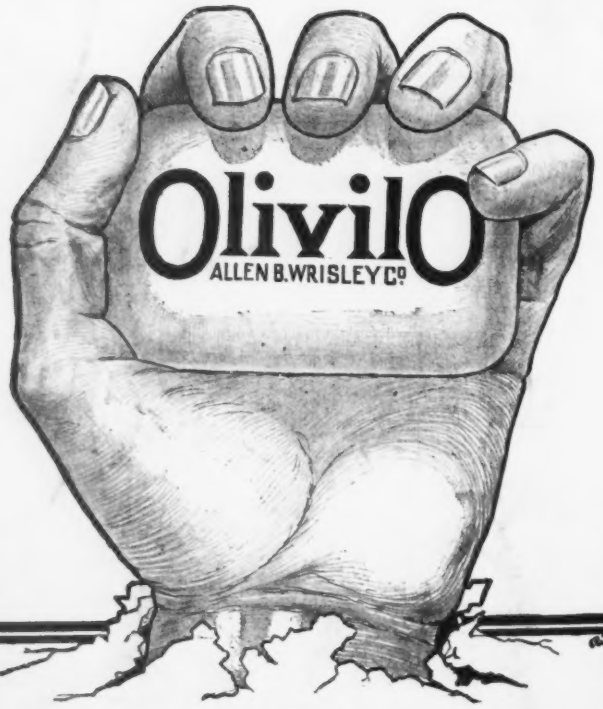

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MAKES THE SKIN FEEL LIKE VELVET

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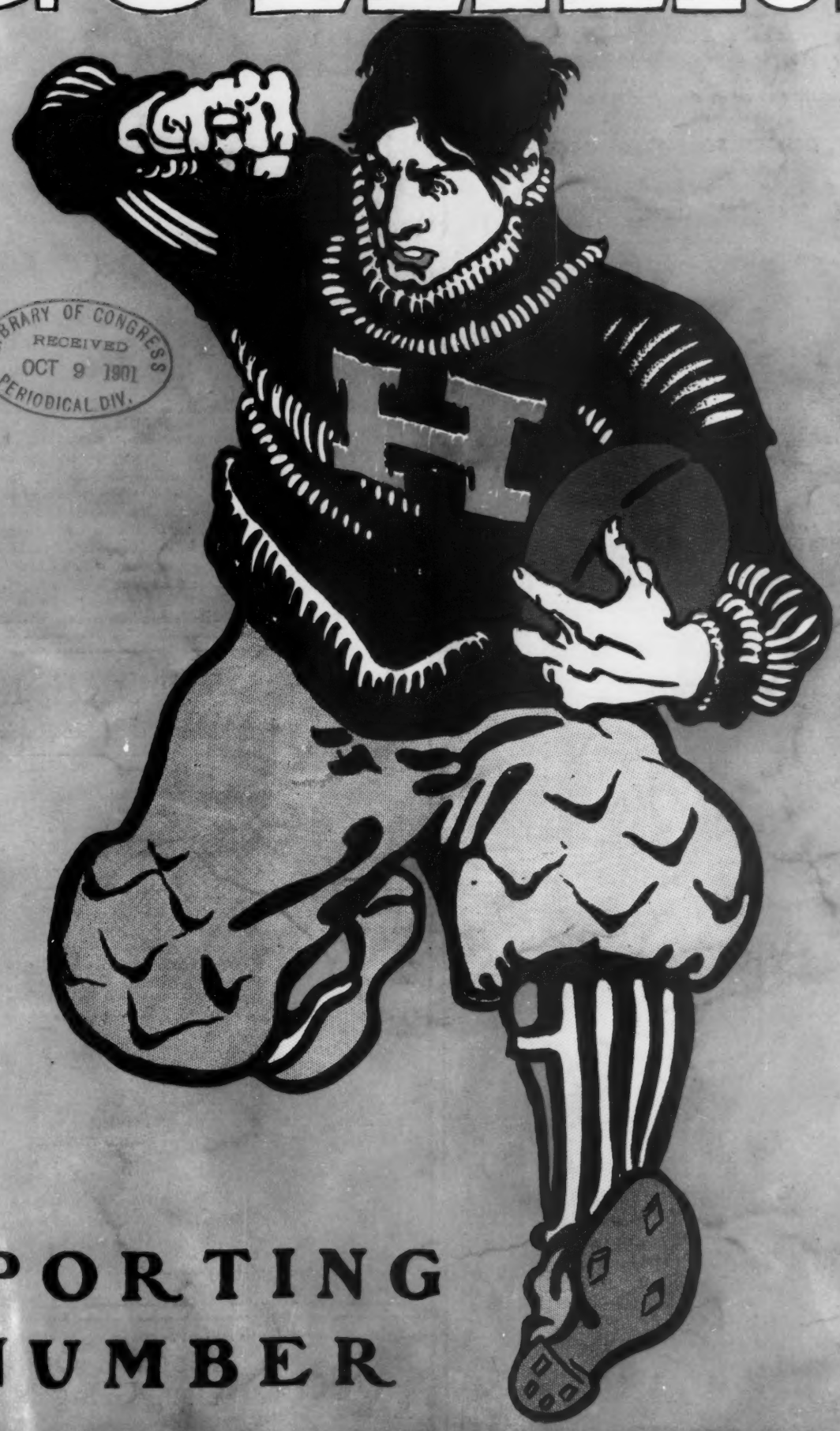

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE GOODS.

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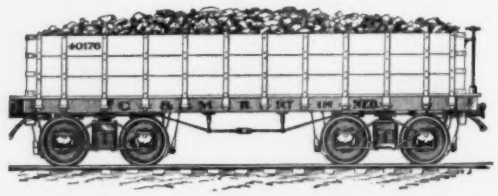

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Prof. Lawson, in his report after examining our property, says: "The average per cent. of this body of ore is above the principal producing copper mines of the World." (See page 13 of our prospectus.)

Work is going forward on this property night and day. To install more machinery and rapidly open up the immense ore reserves, we offer for a short time, shares **at 25 cents each,** par value one dollar, full paid, and forever non-assessable.

This is not a speculation, but **a legitimate investment** in an enterprise officered by conservative business men. Remember, copper mines are the safest investments, and largest **dividend earners. $10, $25, $100 or $500 invested now promises an income for life.**

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